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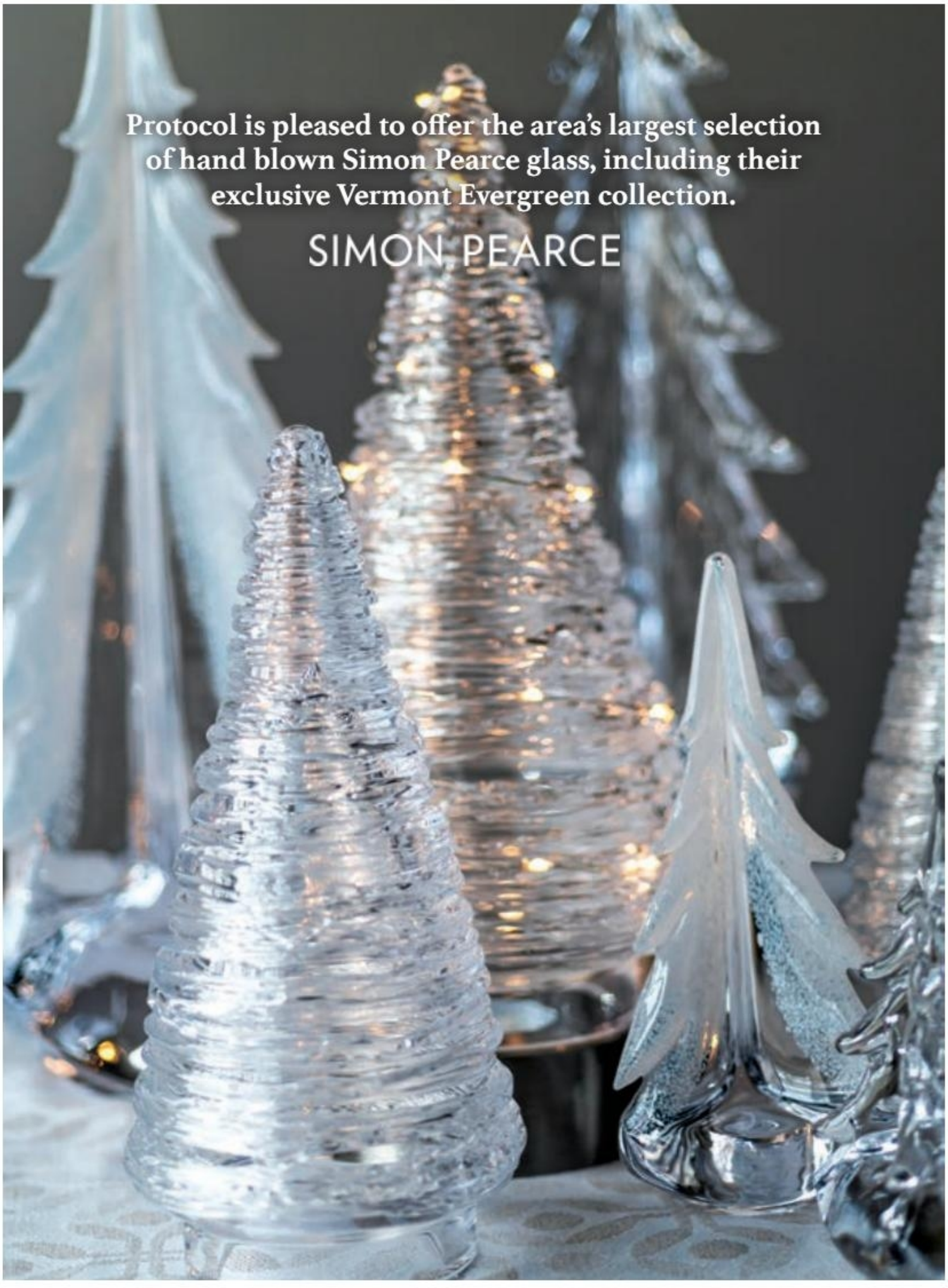
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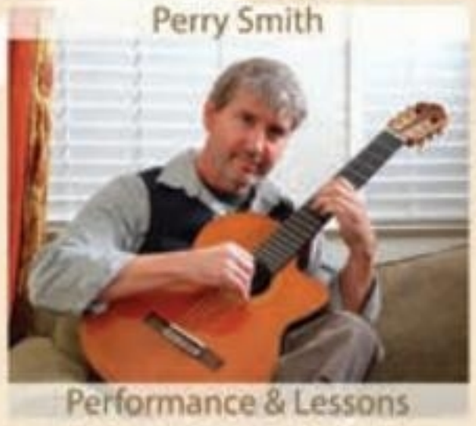
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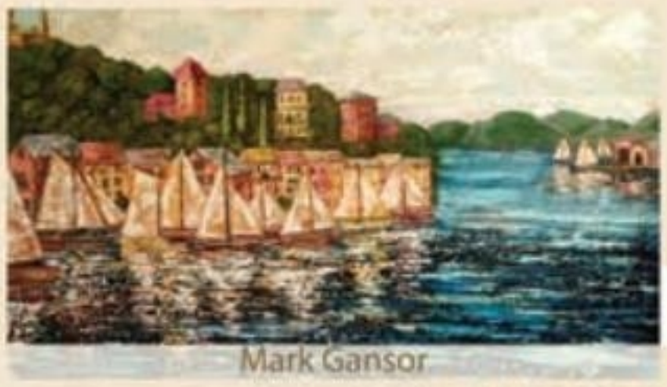
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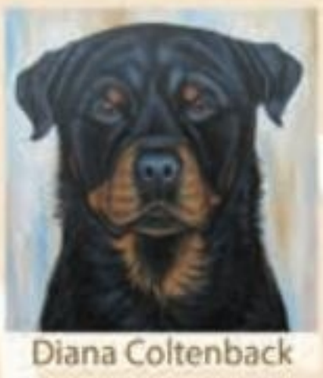
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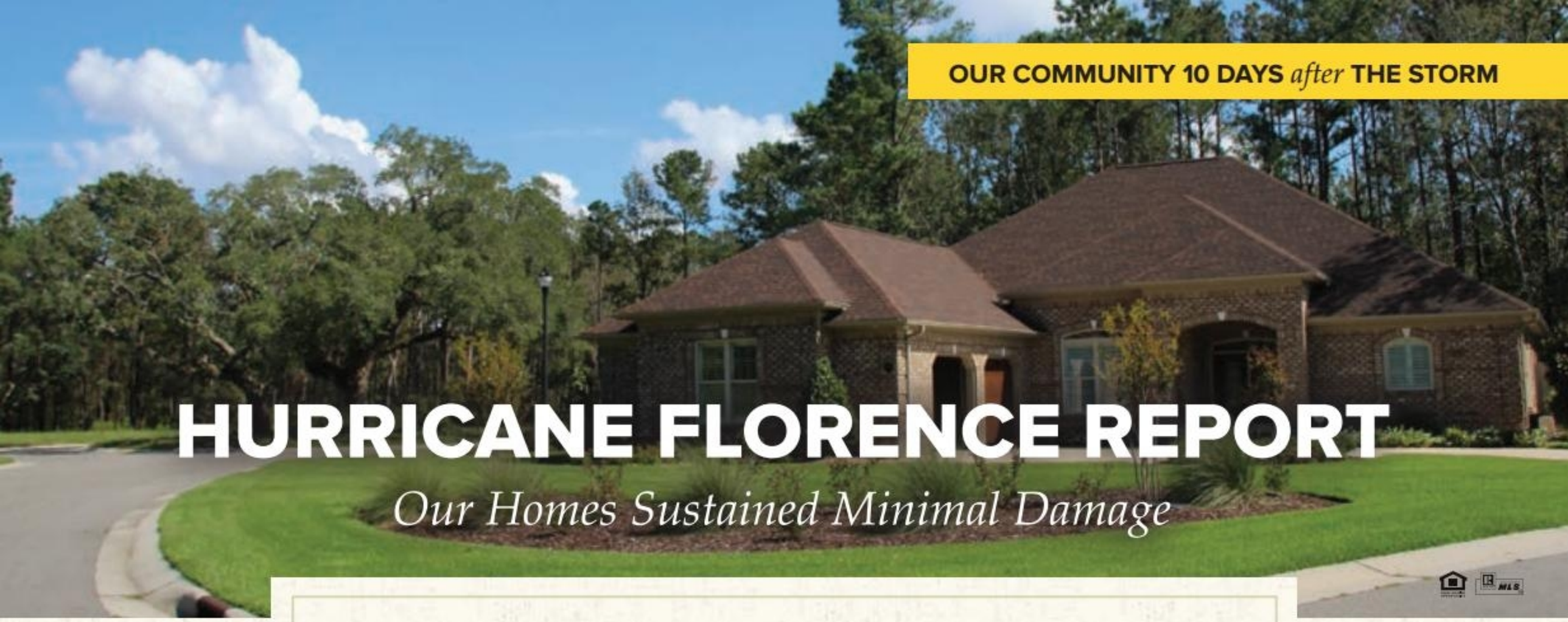

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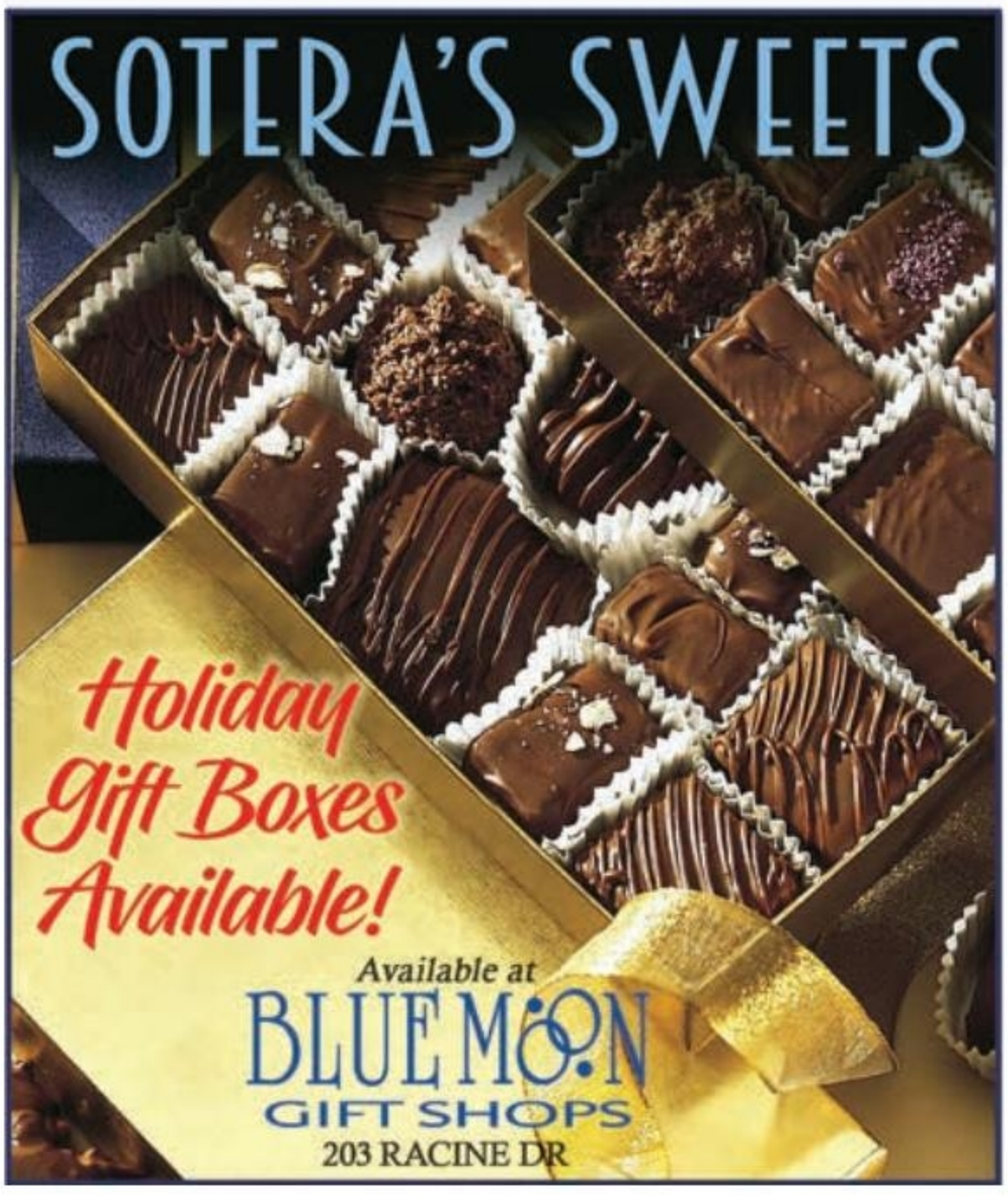
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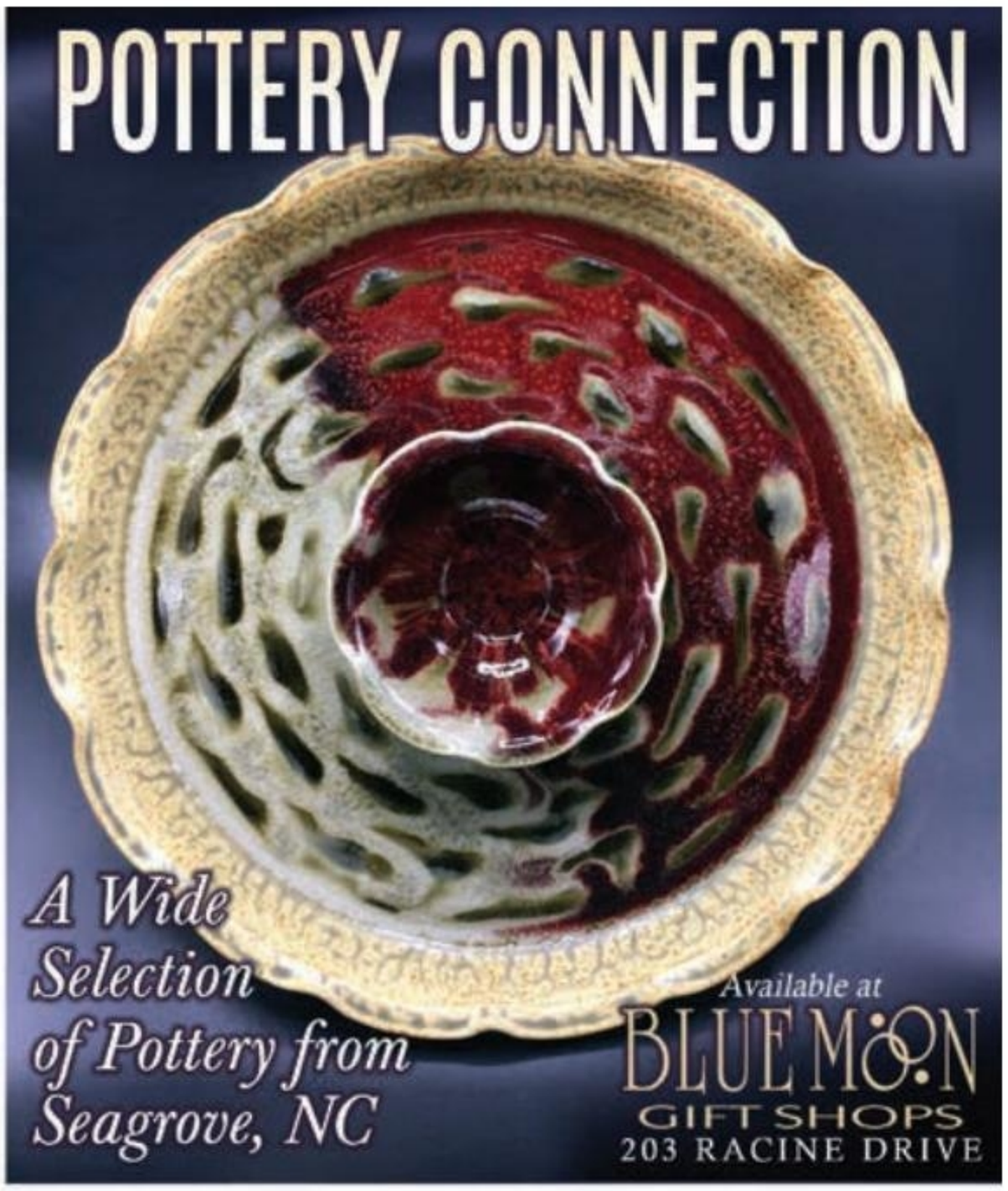
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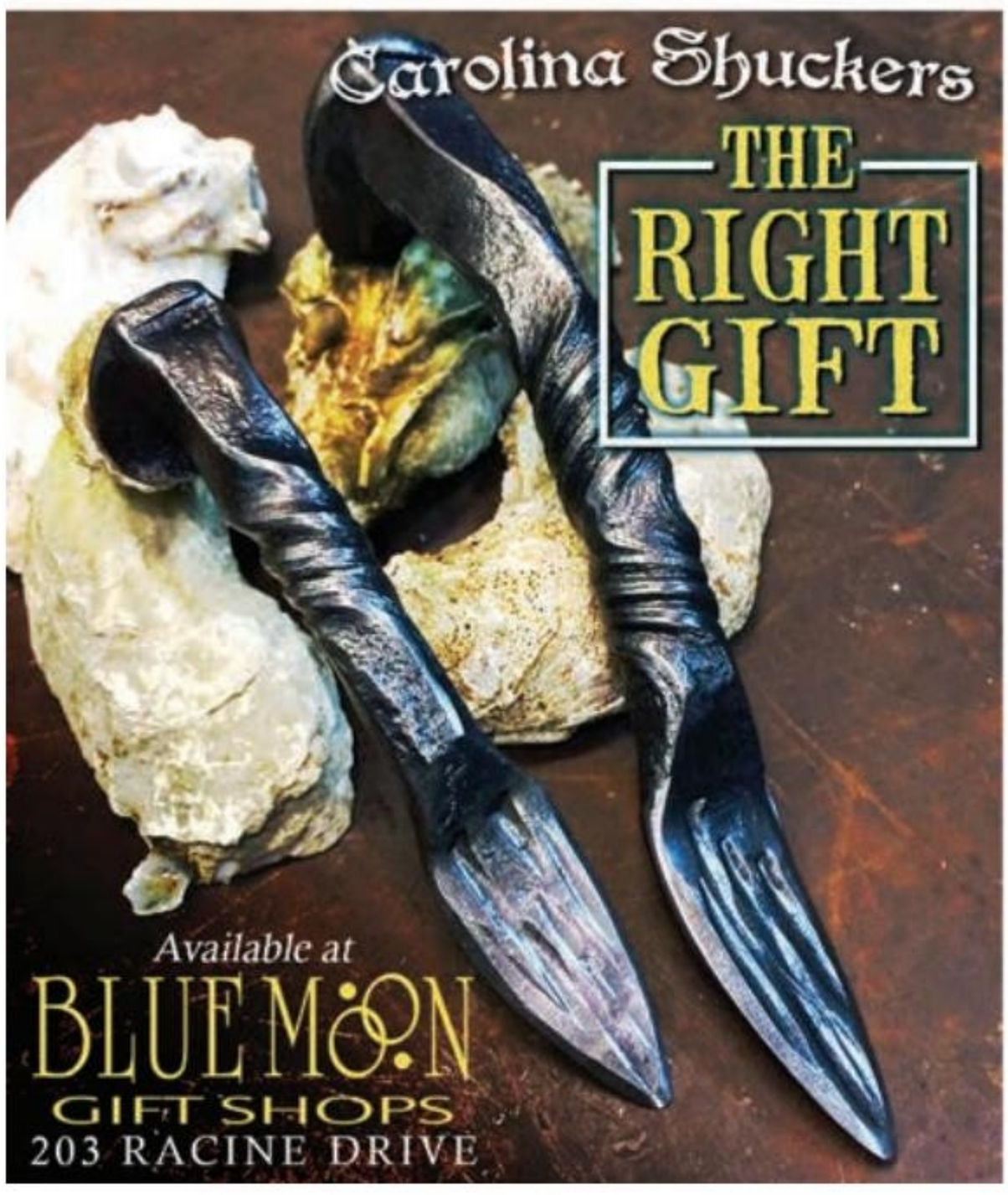
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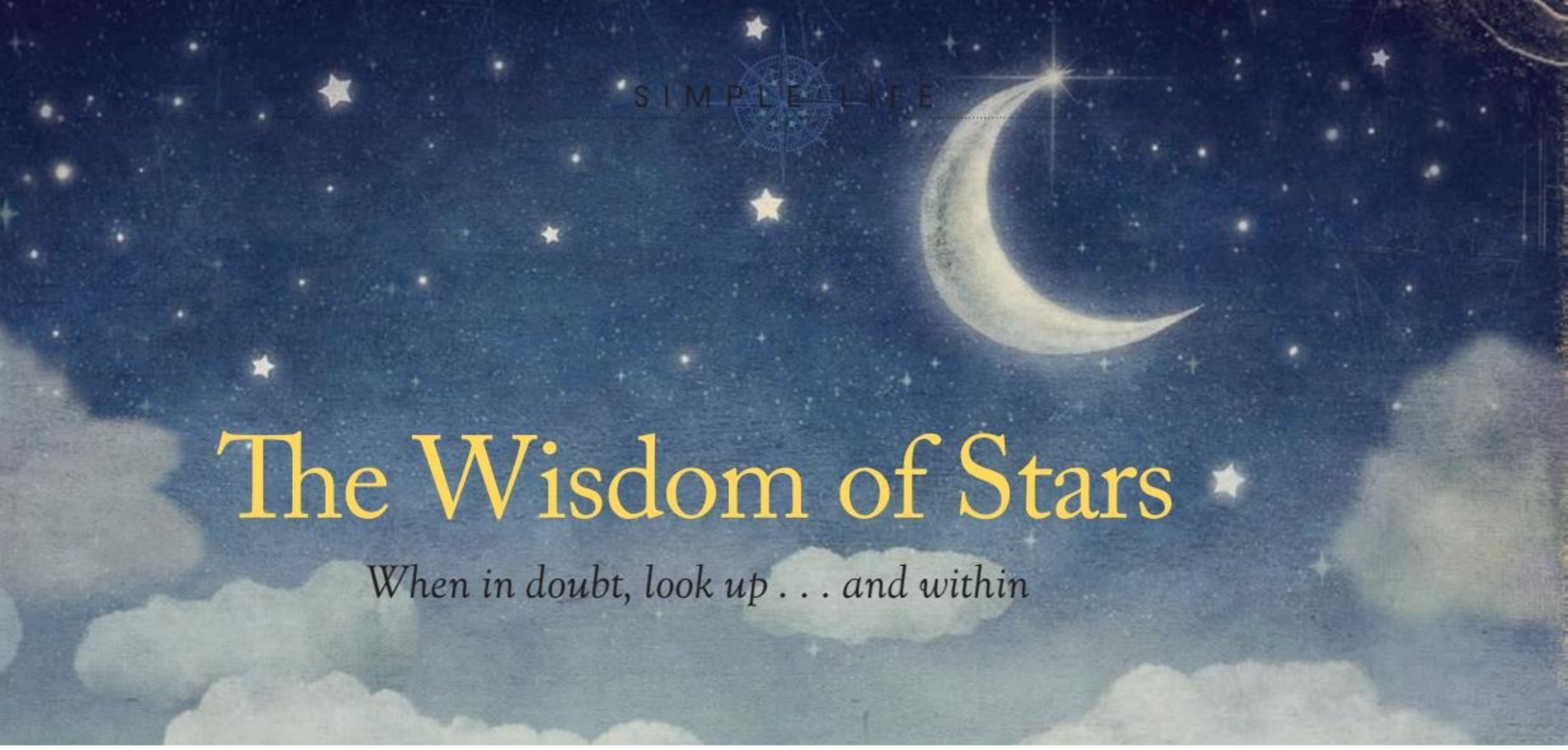

The Wisdom of Stars

When in doubt, look up . . . and within

By Jim Dodson

"When I have a terrible need of – dare I say, 'religion'? – then I go outside at night and paint the stars."

– Vincent Van Gogh

Most mornings when I'm home, several hours before sunrise, rain or shine, you can find me sitting in an old wooden chair in my front yard, the day's first cup of Joe in hand, soaking in the deep silence and looking at the sky.

I don't paint the stars but I sure enjoy gazing on them with the aid of my iPhone's nifty Star Guide, allowing this Earthling to identify constellations and the seasonal movement of planets. Even on cloudy or rainy mornings, Star Guide – like Superman's X-ray vision – can penetrate the clouds, a reminder that a glorious universe and a lovely mystery await just beyond, always *there*.

As spiritual practices go, my predawn ritual was born on a forested hilltop near the Maine coast 30 years ago. A serious early riser since boyhood, I began stepping outside simply to see how my neighbors fared overnight, especially on November's sharply colder nights, heralding another hard winter on the doorstep.

The "neighbors" I speak of were the woodland creatures that surrounded our peaceful kingdom off the long-abandoned Old Town Road that ran through a 500-acre forest of birch and virgin hemlock pocked with kettle holes from the receding Ice Age, woods dense with fiddlehead and cinnamon ferns, laurel hells and wild vernal springs.

Like the stars overhead, they were always there, palely loitering at the edge of the yard in the moonshine and starlight: the small clan of whitetail deer that fed off the sorghum pellets I provided through the harshest nights of winter; a flock of wild turkeys that displayed absolutely no fear of our dogs; the massive lady porcupine who waddled through the backyard from time to time (I nicknamed her Madame Defarge after Charles Dickens' infamous revolutionary knitter), pausing to feed on my frost-wilted hostas; not to mention a young bull moose that hung around our neck of the woods for almost two years, apparently looking for a girlfriend, an age-old story.

Perhaps the toughest creatures by far were the tiny black-and-white chickadees that showed up at our side-yard feeders after the coldest Arctic nights imaginable, day-after-day, season-after-season, year-upon-year, no more than a handful of feathers and a tiny beating heart, teaching me something about the divine force at play.

Our house was a simple post-and-beam affair, a classic Yankee saltbox that I designed and helped build with my own hands, made of rugged beams hewn from Canadian hemlock. Those beams spoke to me at night, especially as we both aged, cracking and sighing and settling year after year. The surrounding gardens took me almost two decades (and most of my kids' college funds) to build, beginning with the ancient stone walls of the farmstead that once existed on our hilltop more than a hundred years before us. Our predecessors grew corn and pole beans. I grew English roses, lush hydrangeas and heavenly lilacs, not to mention hostas as big as Volkswagens. Part of my annual November ritual after topping up my woodpile was to erect my Rube Goldberg plant protectors that could withstand being buried for months in the coming snow.

Back then, I believed this was my little piece of heaven, the rugged homestead I'd made for my family on a star-swept hill in Maine; the place I would quietly spend the balance of my days on Earth, writing and woolgathering, walking the spring and autumn woods and the Old Town Road with the dogs, forever revising my ever-changing garden, feeding the locals and memorizing the stars of the northern firmament in frosty autumn darkness. Over those two decades, I saw super moons and dozens of shooting stars – and once even the shim-

mering Northern Lights.

I loved that life and held it against my bones as long as I could. And then I let it go, have never been back, though I still have dreams about that house, those woods, those deep snows and frozen stars, not to mention my former woodland neighbors.

But home — this home, Carolina — unexpectedly called and I couldn't ignore the summons. My late Southern grandmother, a grand old Baptist lady who knew the Scriptures cold, loved to say — like Thoreau, like the poet T.S. Eliot, like her husband Walter's own grandmother, a gentle natural healer her neighbors called Aunt Emma — that life is simply a great hoop, a sacred circle, that the end of our explorations is to discover the place where we began and know it for the first time.

For better or worse, I have followed this cosmic script with the faith of a mustard seed, and now I am blessed to have beautiful Southern stars and an old forest of a different kind sheltering overhead, the towering oaks of my boyhood neighborhood, guardians of different early morning companions that are just as wild in their own suburban ways.

In place of Madame Defarge and a lovesick moose, we are visited before dawn by feeding rabbits and an owl that dolefully hoots like clockwork down the block as I sit back and study the stars, sipping my coffee, marveling at the scene overhead, as glorious as any medieval cathedral or walled City of God.

Spiritually speaking, I suppose I am what a dear friend calls a cosmic wanderer, a religious mongrel in love with the writings of the Sufi poet Hafiz, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the Upanishads, a little Ralph Waldo Emerson, a lot of Billy Collins and Mary Oliver, a dash of Joe Campbell and Charles Wesley's hymns, spiced by the Bhagavad Gita and the mystic Meister Eckhart, all nicely summarized by the wisdom of my old friend Katrina Kenison, who wrote in her splendid book *Magical Journey, An Apprenticeship in Contentment*: "We are all one. We need only look more deeply into the nature of who we really are to see that our sense of isolation is an illusion and to have our separateness ameliorated by union. I might be but one small thread in a vast fabric, but there's comfort in imagining the eternal interplay between my own small, temporal life and all there is."

They're all with me in the starry darkness, this merry band of voices.

With luck, if there is a wind in the darkness, the large Canterbury chimes I gave to my bride for our 15th anniversary — that took me the better part of an entire spring afternoon to hoist and secure in the massive white oak out back — may play three or four notes, sometimes sounding like a Buddhist bell calling one to mindfulness, other times — and I swear on my worn-out copy of *Walden* that this is gospel truth — the first five notes of *Amazing Grace*.

I cannot explain how or why this happens, but I've heard it with my own ears and believe it with my own heart. Likewise, I can't explain or justify why most things happen in this passing life — joy, sorrow, tragedy, redemption — but grace certainly helps one face the day, whatever it brings.

November brings forth the two brightest planets in the Southern sky, Mars and Venus, gracing dusk and dawn like a blessing and benediction respectively while Orion, lord of our coming winter's nights, rises

below Taurus and the Pleiades in the East as Summer's Triangle fades in the West.

The clear autumn sky never fails to make me feel both puny and thrilled by the knowledge that this same unchanging sky shone over Plato and Aristotle as they taught their students, Galileo on his balcony peering at the clockwork heavens, Marcus Aurelius penning his soulful *Meditations* on a lonely Roman frontier, Jesus praying in the wilderness, English lords signing the Magna Carta, Jefferson jotting notes about human independence, Lincoln speaking at Gettysburg, women marching for the vote, four brave college students sitting down at a whites-only lunch counter, the discovery of the God Particle and a phone that can see through clouds like Superman.

Beneath November's clear and changing skies, as the soul leans inward, I use my iPhone's wondrous Star Guide to identify the stunning moons of Jupiter, suddenly remembering C.S. Lewis' observation that, contrary to our collective belief, we are not the center to the universe because "the center of the universe is actually everywhere." Jesus' version of this ancient truth may be the greatest metaphor of all for describing the potential transformation of human consciousness yet to come — that the "Kingdom of Heaven" is not somewhere up or out *there* — but patiently waiting for discovery deep inside us.

Perhaps human consciousness is beginning to understand that the force we call "God" is simply a streaming river of light and unconditional love that flows everywhere and through everything, as true and present as the stars that literally surround our small fragile planet wreathed in clouds or hidden by the brightest light of day, reassuringly *there* though we can't — or choose not to — see it.

Not long ago, I read somewhere that the late astronomer Carl Sagan — a confirmed agnostic — believed there may be as many stars as there are grains of sand on Earth, billions of stars in hundreds of universes bearing untold numbers of unimaginable gifts. The November star child in me sure hopes this proves true.

God only knows what adventures await us.

Contact Editor Jim Dodson at jim@thepilot.com.

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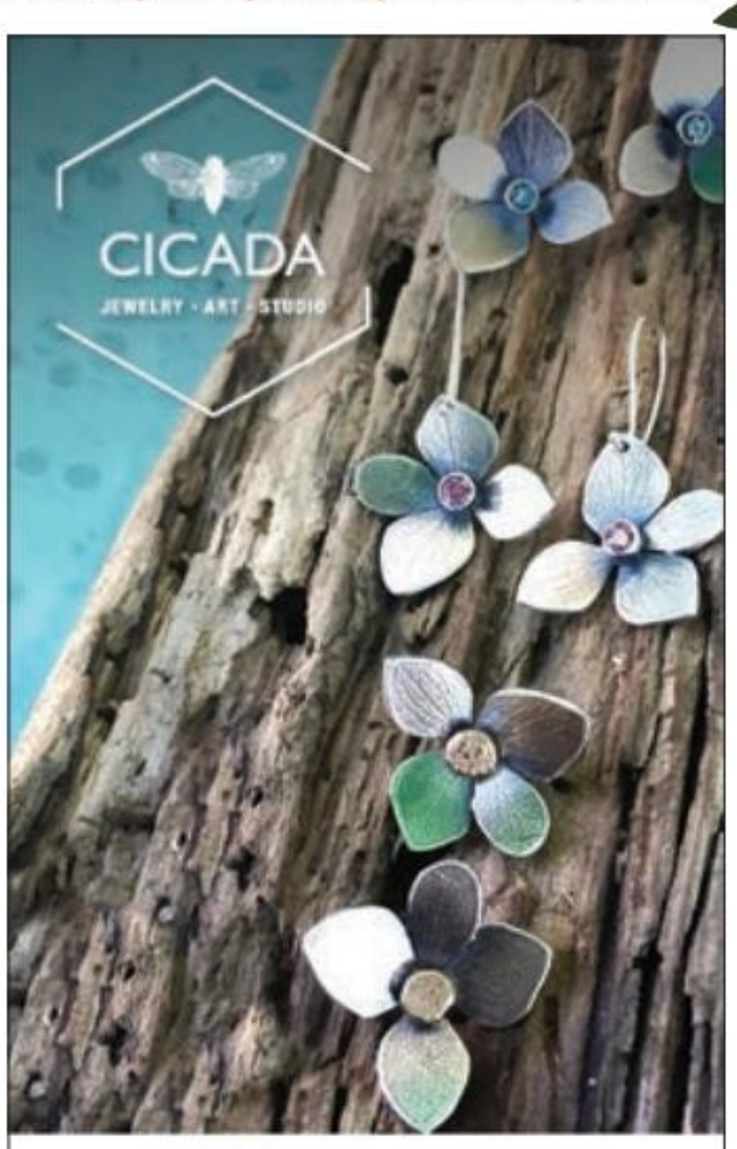

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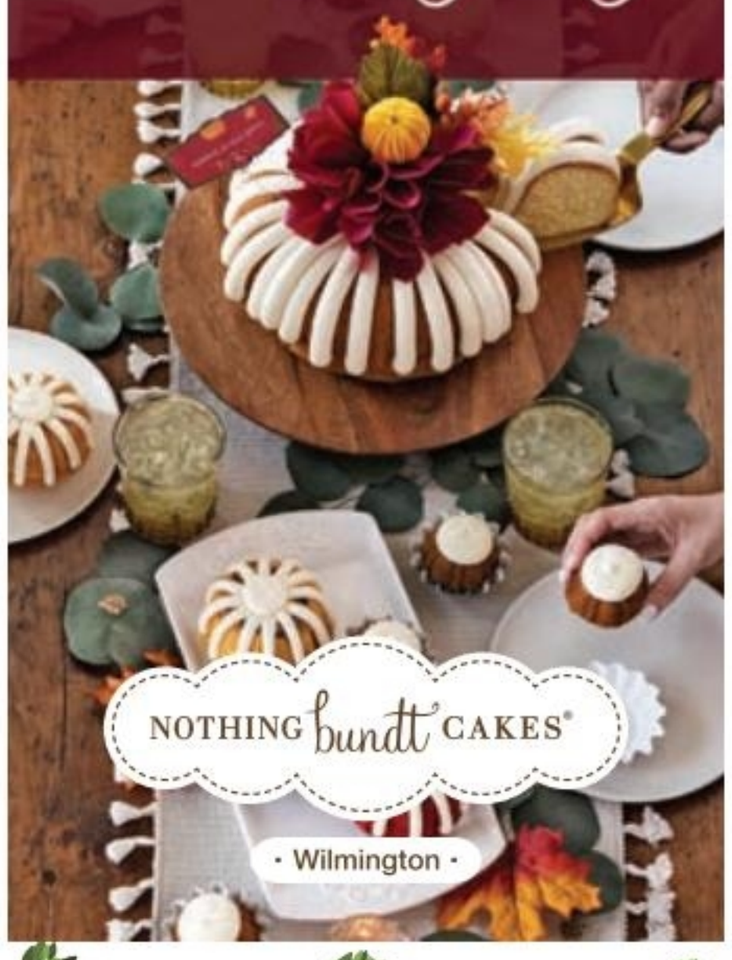

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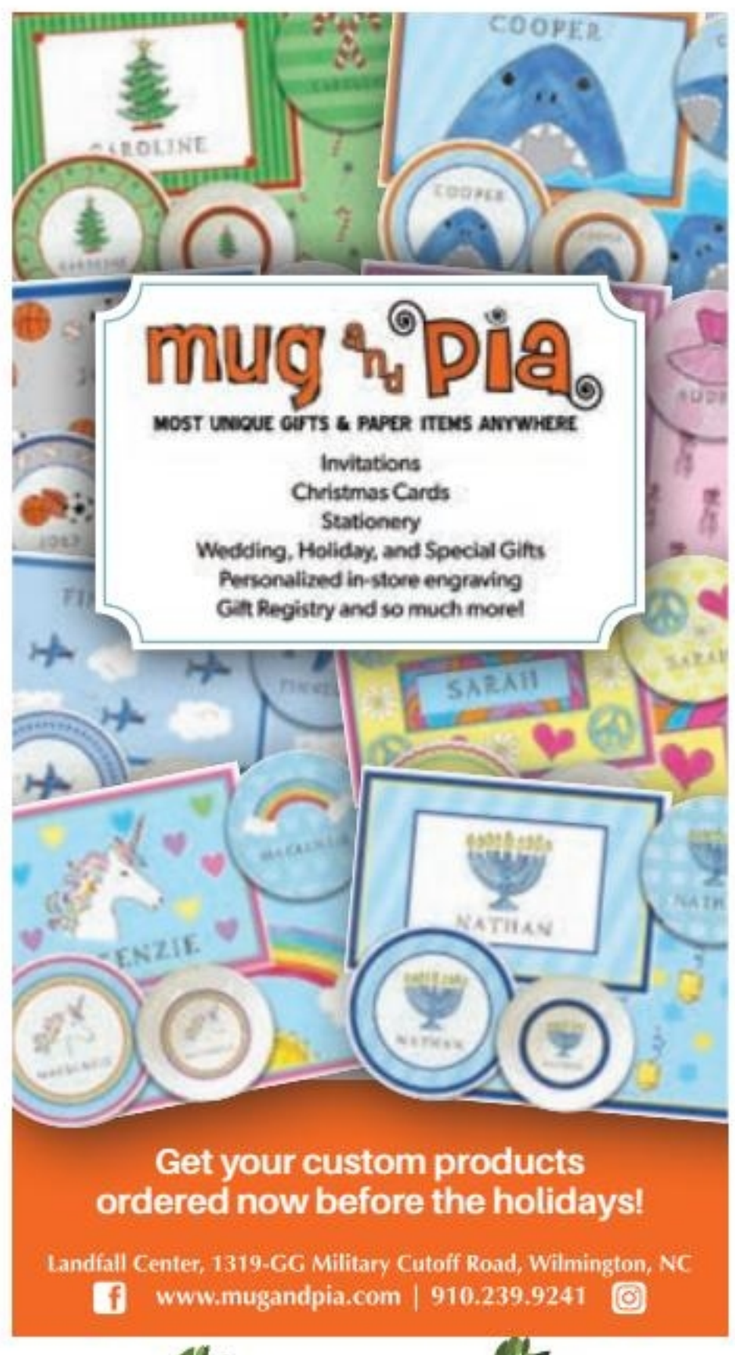

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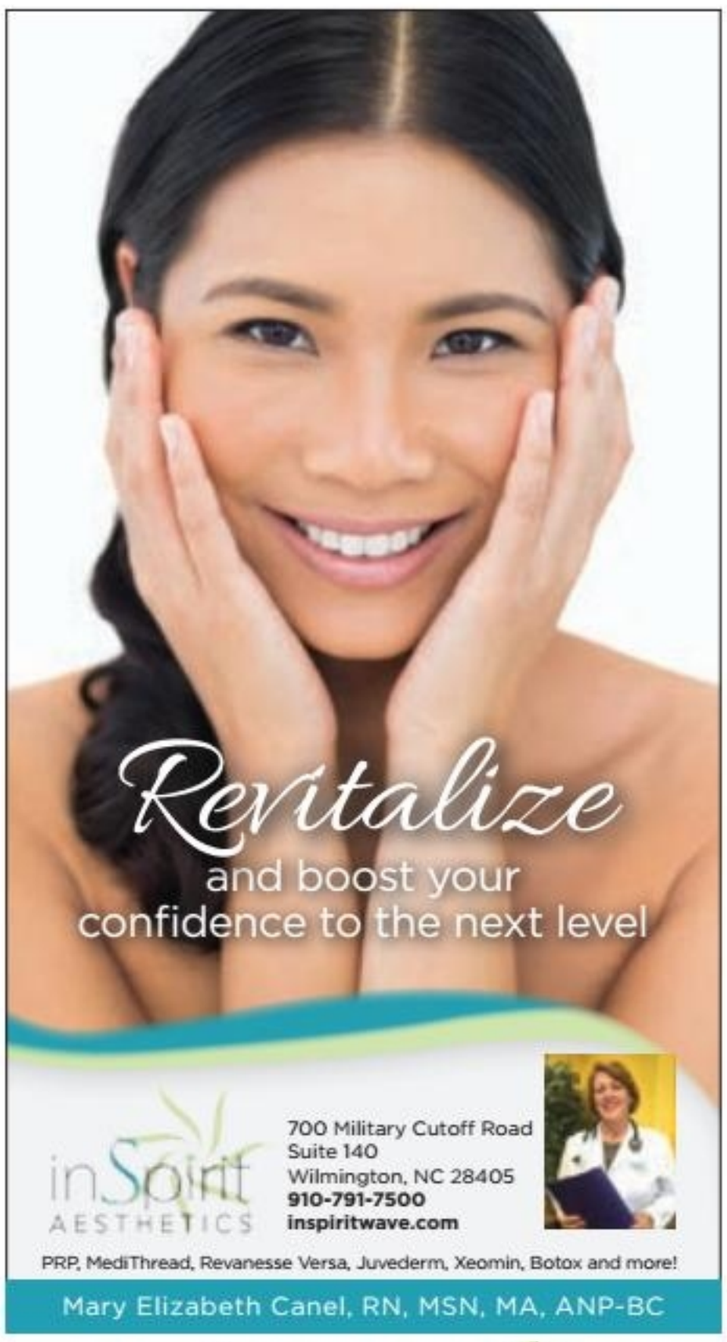

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Come One, Come All!

Venture out to the midway and celebrate the 54th annual Cape Fear Fair & Expo, jam-packed with livestock, crafts, cotton candy, rides, balloons and clowns. This weekend features a variety of events for the whole family, among them: Hansen's Spectacular Family Acrobatic Show, Old McNally's Pig Derby, assorted agricultural displays and an appearance by Brad Matchett, Comedy Hypnotist. Tickets: $22. Nov. 1, 5 p.m.- 11 p.m.; Nov. 2, 5 p.m.- midnight; Nov. 3, 12 p.m.-midnight; Nov. 4, 1 p.m. - 5 p.m. 1739 Hewlett Drive, Wilmington. For info: capefearfair.com.

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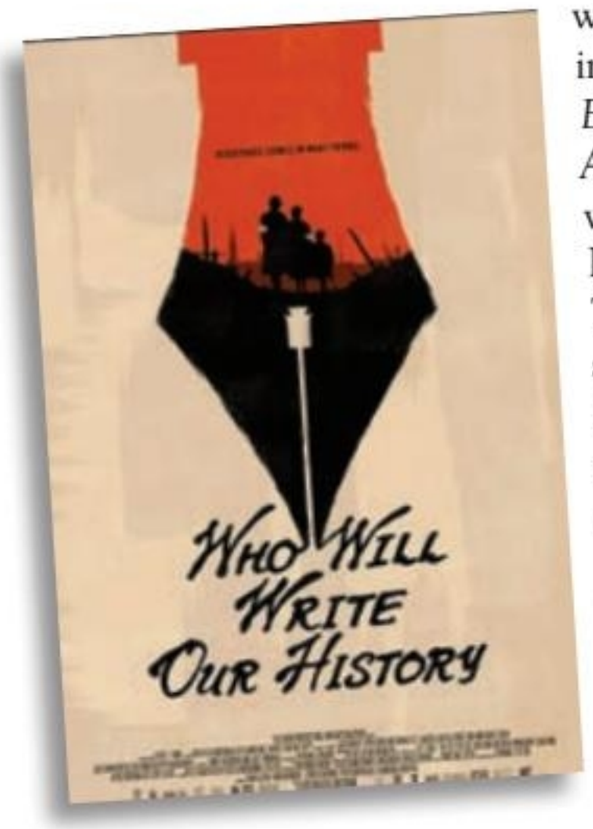
From its humble beginnings in 1994, the Cucalorus Festival has blossomed into a multi-disciplinary arts organization and one of the largest film festivals in the South (last year's attendance was close to 20,000), hosting hundreds of films, stage and dance performances all over downtown Wilmington. This year, '90s indie punk rockers Superchunk will kick off the festivities with an opening-night concert at the Brooklyn Arts Center. Nov. 7 - 11. Various locations in downtown Wilmington. For schedules, tickets, and more information: cucalorus.org.

Winter Wonderland

The Lower Cape Fear Hospice presents the 32nd Cape Fear Festival of Trees at the North Carolina Aquarium. Come celebrate the season and view an enchanted forest of more than 50 holiday trees decorated by local artists, businesses and nonprofit organizations. Admission included with aquarium tickets. Tickets: $13. Nov. 17 - Jan. 3, 2019, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. North Carolina Aquarium at Fort Fisher, 900 Loggerhead Rd., Kure Beach. For info: (910) 796-8099 or ncaquariums.com/fort-fisher.

Unsung Heroes

The Wilmington Jewish Film Festival hosts the North Carolina premiere of *Who Will Write Our History*, a film that reveals the heroic efforts of Polish Jews to document the events inside the Warsaw Ghetto, featuring some of the most compelling eyewitness accounts of the Holocaust. Producer/director Roberta Grossman is an award-winning filmmaker whose most recent documentary, *Seeing Allred*, premiered at the 2018 Sundance Film Festival. The film's executive producer is Nancy Spielberg, who teamed with Grossman in 2014 to produce *Above and Beyond*, the story of Jewish-American WW II pilots who volunteered to fight in Israel's War of Independence. Tickets: $50 (includes a pre-screening meet and greet with Roberta Grossman as well as reserved seating). General admission: $15; $10 students and military. Nov. 4, 7 p.m. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. For info and tickets: thalianhall.org.



Art in the Garden

Celebrate autumnal splendor at Art in the Arboretum, the largest coastal outdoor art show in North Carolina. A joint venture of the Friends of New Hanover County Arboretum and the Wilmington Art Association, the show will feature the works of hundreds of local artists in all media, displayed throughout the gardens in the arboretum. There will also be a raffle, silent auction and performances by local musicians. Admission: $5. Nov. 2-4. New Hanover County Arboretum, 6206 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. For info: (910) 798-7660 or nhcarboretum.org.

Deck the Hulls

What could be better after Turkey Day than fireworks over the ocean and a parade of holiday-bedecked boats? Wrightsville Beach hosts the 35th annual North Carolina Holiday Flotilla, a weekend of events including a tree-lighting ceremony with a visit from Santa and Festival in the Park on Saturday afternoon before the Flotilla. Admission: Free. Nov. 24. For more info and to enter a boat: (910) 256-2120 or ncholidayflotilla.org.

Battle by Candlelight

Moores Creek National Battlefield hosts its annual 1776 Candlelight Tour. Travel back in time as Colonial-costumed guides recount the story of the Battle of Moores Creek Bridge as they lead you along a 3/4-mile path lined with hundreds of candles. Scottish Highlanders will then lead you to the bridge, where there will be a re-enactment of the battle with muskets and cannon fire. Tickets: $3 per person. Nov. 17, 5:30 - 9:15 p.m. Moores Creek National Battlefield, 40 Patriots Hall Drive, Currie. For information: (910) 283-5591, ext. 2222, or nps.gov/mocr.

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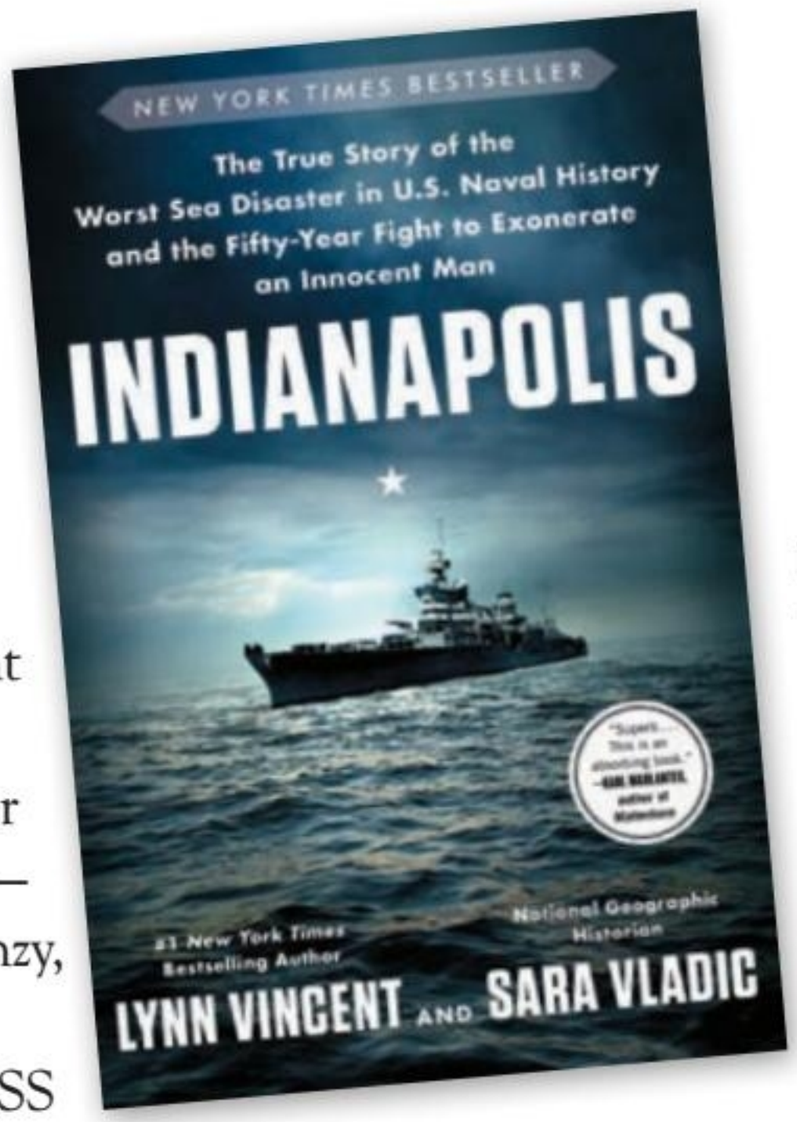
Beyond *Jaws*

The tragedy of the Indianapolis revisited


NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
The True Story of the Worst Sea Disaster in U.S. Naval History and the Fifty-Year Fight to Exonerate an Innocent Man
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LYNN VINCENT AND SARA VLADIC

By Stephen E. Smith

Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the bookstore, there's a new best-seller about the worst shark attack ever — a book that details the feeding frenzy, past and present, that surrounds the sinking of the heavy cruiser USS Indianapolis on 30 July 1945.

Lynn Vincent and Sara Vladic's meticulously researched and artfully constructed *Indianapolis: The True Story of the Worst Sea Disaster in U.S. Naval History and the Fifty-Year Fight to Exonerate an Innocent Man* is the latest in a plethora of books, history specials, movies, documentaries, TV news features, etc. that has, since the cruiser disappeared into the Philippine Sea 73 years ago, contributed to the lore surrounding the demise of the ship and crew that transported the first atomic bomb to the island of Tinian.

If you're a reader with a basic knowledge of American history, you're no doubt familiar with the tragic story of the Indianapolis. If you aren't, anyone who's seen the movie *Jaws* will be more than happy to tell you all about it, just as Quint, the shark hunter (played by Robert Shaw), told them: After delivering the components for the bomb, the Indianapolis was cruising at night when the Japanese submarine I-58 fired two torpedoes into the ship, sinking her in 12 minutes. About 300 crew died in the torpedo attack; another 900 went into the water. No lifeboats were launched, no actionable distress signal was transmitted, and the men had only flimsy life preservers and makeshift rafts to keep themselves afloat. Many of the crew died of saltwater consumption, others simply despaired and committed suicide. When the survivors were located almost five days later, only 316 remained to tell the story. Figures vary as to the exact number of the men taken by sharks, but experts theorize that the majority of those attacked had already died of exposure. Still, the horror engendered by a shark attack — the possibility of being eaten alive by a silent, subsurface predator — has resonated through popular culture.

To their credit, the authors aren't obsessively concerned with sharks, focusing instead on a post-rescue conspiracy surrounding the Indianapolis disaster. In the months immediately following the sinking, the story was eclipsed by news of the surrender that occurred after the dropping of the atomic bombs, but a bureaucratic feeding frenzy began as soon as the survivors were rescued. According to Vincent and Vladic, Navy brass, intent on covering up their incompetence, subjected the ship's captain, Charles B. McVay III, to a court-martial in which he was convicted of "hazarding his ship by failing to zigzag," although zigzagging was not required or even recommended in the area in which the Indianapolis was cruising. In an unprecedented move, prosecutors brought in the commander of the I-58, a former enemy combatant, to testify against McVay. The Japanese captain stated emphatically that zigzagging would have made no difference in his attack on the Indianapolis, but McVay was found guilty anyway. He was blamed for the disaster, a reprimand was placed upon his service record, and a deluge of hate mail followed him for the remainder of his life. No other American captain has ever been punished for losing his ship to a torpedo attack. Whether out of guilt for his lost crew or the emotional distress brought on by a failing marriage, the former captain of the Indianapolis committed suicide in 1968.

Vincent and Vladic's account doesn't end with McVay's death. They examine in detail his eventual exoneration. In 1996, a 12-year-old Florida boy, Hunter Scott, took an interest in the story of the Indianapolis and initiated a letterwriting campaign. He was supported by survivors who wanted to honor their late captain and by Sen. Bob Smith, who offered a congressional resolution that finalized McVay's long-delayed vindication. But the reprieve didn't come easy,

and the military machinations and congressional intrigues surrounding the McVay hearings are at the heart of the book.

As the congressional inquiry neared its conclusion, Paul Murphy, one of the men McVay had led into harm's way, wrote to the committee reviewing McVay's court-martial, objecting to a previous report upholding the Navy's original court-martial findings: "They contain falsehoods, statements taken out of context, and plain mean-spirited innuendos about our skipper and others who have attempted to defend him . . . The Navy report contained personal attacks on Captain McVay's character. They were unwarranted, and in most instances, unrelated to the charges against him. On behalf of the men who served on the Indianapolis under Captain McVay, I would like to state our deep resentment and ask: Why is the Navy still out to falsely persecute and defame him?"

Most of the available histories of the Indianapolis sinking — *Fatal Voyage, Left for Dead, Out of the Depths, Lost at Sea* (there's also a bad movie starring Nicolas Cage) — focus on the suffering of the crewmen abandoned by a Navy too busy or too disorganized to notice that a heavy cruiser had gone missing. The Vincent/Vladic book is, by and large, an update on the Indianapolis story and concludes with the August 2017 discovery of the ship's remains, now a designated war grave, in the North Philippine Sea, bringing to a close the ship's eight-decade saga.

"For the families of the lost at sea," write Vincent and Vladic, "the news stirred high emotions, bringing back memories many had sealed away for decades. After nearly three-quarters of a century, children, nieces, nephews, and grandchildren were finding the peace that their parents and grandparents had sought for so many years."

This cathartic effect notwithstanding, one thing is certain: With only 19 Indianapolis survivors still living, the finger-pointing and recriminations will soon enough cease to matter.

Stephen E. Smith is a retired professor and the author of seven books of poetry and prose. He's the recipient of the Poetry Northwest Young Poet's Prize, the Zoe Kincaid Brockman Prize for poetry and four North Carolina Press awards.

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Food for the Soul

After Florence, the power to heal began with neighbors helping neighbors, a warm meal, a caring touch

By Dana Sachs

"I'm not used to being the one getting help," said the woman standing in line for a free meal from the Salvation Army. "I'm used to being the one writing the check."

At that particular moment, I was working as a relief volunteer, but, like so many of us in Wilmington, Hurricane Florence had also put me on the receiving end of generosity. Offers of help began to arrive a week before the storm hit. The first ones, responding to warnings on the Weather Channel, came in the form of concerned texts and emails. "Our house has (a) basement and you are more than welcome to come stay with us," said one message from a friend in Raleigh, whom I hadn't seen in years. Another acquaintance called from Charlotte. I'd only met her once, but she offered to put up my husband, me and our dog. I also heard from people in Atlanta, Virginia, Rhode Island, Washington, D.C. — people I know well and people I barely know at all. They all said the same thing: "Come here."

We evacuated. The storm chased us so far west that my husband finally said, "At this rate, we'll end up in California." We only went as far as Memphis, where we stayed for a week with my mom and stepdad. Throughout the time we were away, we benefited from the kindness of friends, loved ones and strangers. People took us out for meals. Neighbors back in Wilmington checked on our house. Hotel chains waived pet fees and cancellation fees as shifting storm projections kept changing our plans. Customer service agents responded to our requests for help with almost passionate concern. "You're going through a lot," said one. "I want to make things easier for you." And she did.

Despite all sorts of evidence to the contrary, human beings like helping each other. In 2016, after I returned from volunteering with Middle Eastern refugees in Greece, I talked with my friend Paul Wilkes, the founder of Homes of Hope, a Wilmington-based charity that builds orphanages for marginalized girls in India.

"My experience in Greece was not what I expected," I told Paul. "I knew I'd be doing good there, but I'm surprised that I loved the work so much."

Paul didn't seem surprised. "That's the secret," he said, laughing. "We don't help other people because it's the right thing to do. We help other people because it makes *us* happy as well."

And that's how we heal in times of trouble. Empathy, as much as anything, becomes the balm we use to soothe ourselves. That fact helps explain why, in the midst of hauling mud out of our basements and making insurance claims for roof repairs, people here in Wilmington have gone on a frenzy of volunteering.

"How are you?" I asked an older guy standing in line for a hot meal from Salvation Army.

"I'm tired," he replied. He was tall, hunched in a ratty T-shirt, his face smudged with dirt and shiny with sweat.

"You had a lot of damage?"

He shook his head. "I've been clearing trees at my neighbor's house." Then, with a grin, he tugged down the collar of his shirt, revealing a white surgical scar that sliced across his chest. Clearly, he was not in the best of health. "My neighbor's really old," he said. "He needed help."

Stories like these are as common as downed trees in this city. "Can I take a few extra meals?" one woman asked me as she picked up her own free lunch. "The people who live in a trailer park near me in Castle Hayne — they look just pitiful." My friend Stephanie found herself volunteering with a man whose house had been destroyed. He and his family were staying in a hotel, but there he was at the food line, Stephanie told me, "passing out water bottles to everyone waiting for a hot meal."

Over at Ebenezer Missionary Baptist Church, a local nonprofit called Support the Port created a one-stop relief center, offering everything

from diapers and granola bars to cleaning supplies and baby clothes. One day, my job was to make "Thank You" signs acknowledging help from donors. As I transferred the names scrawled into a notebook to big sheets of poster paper, I noticed that the list included not just organizations like the American Red Cross and Walmart, but also dozens of individuals. One woman brought "three bags of feminine products, clothes, and food," another "two bags of ice and 14 cans." They gave what they could give.

At the Salvation Army food truck, people waiting for a box lunch — pulled pork and corn one day; turkey with tortillas and corn a few days later — talked with each other in line. A couple from Rocky Point still hadn't managed to return to their flooded home. Just in front of them, another woman, alone, stood listening quietly. "And how are you?" I asked her. She looked at the ground and shrugged. "Better than some," she said, "and worse than others." I heard the same from Kenneth from Direct TV, who came by our house to fix the cable. "We just flooded a couple of inches," he said, as if he'd emerged from a car wreck with only a scratch.

"Just a *couple of inches*?" I exclaimed. That sounded major.

Kenneth disagreed. "A mile from me," he said, "houses went completely under water."

I know you've heard such stories yourself. With each one, we place our own troubles along the spectrum of disaster. Better than some, worse than others. It's a strange exercise, comparing our losses, but it's a sign of our compassion. Our problems become more bearable when we think of the people who suffered more.

But compassion alone does not explain our desire to help. That tired man in the free lunch line, the one who wore himself out cleaning his neighbor's yard, seemed delighted with his effort, as if his kindness had revived him. Each time we drag someone else's branches to the street, or donate a roll of toilet paper or a can of peas, we heal ourselves. That's how we start to regain our footing.

Dana Sachs' latest novel, The Secret of the Nightingale Palace, *is available at bookstores, online and throughout Wilmington.*

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After the Storm

Over cold ones at Flying Machine, writer Kevin Maurer remembers the impact of Hurricane Florence

By Wiley Cash · Photographs by Mallory Cash

When I moved to Wilmington in 2013, Kevin Maurer was one of the first friends I made. Over the years, I have gotten to know his family, and he has gotten to know mine. We have played on the same intramural basketball and football teams, and we have suffered losses and injuries, bonding over our bruised bodies and equally bruised egos. But what has informed our friendship more than anything else is the writing life. We regularly have dinner or drinks and talk about our decisions to become writers, and the effect our work has on our families and our friendships with people outside the publishing industry. A few months ago, I chronicled one of our conversations on

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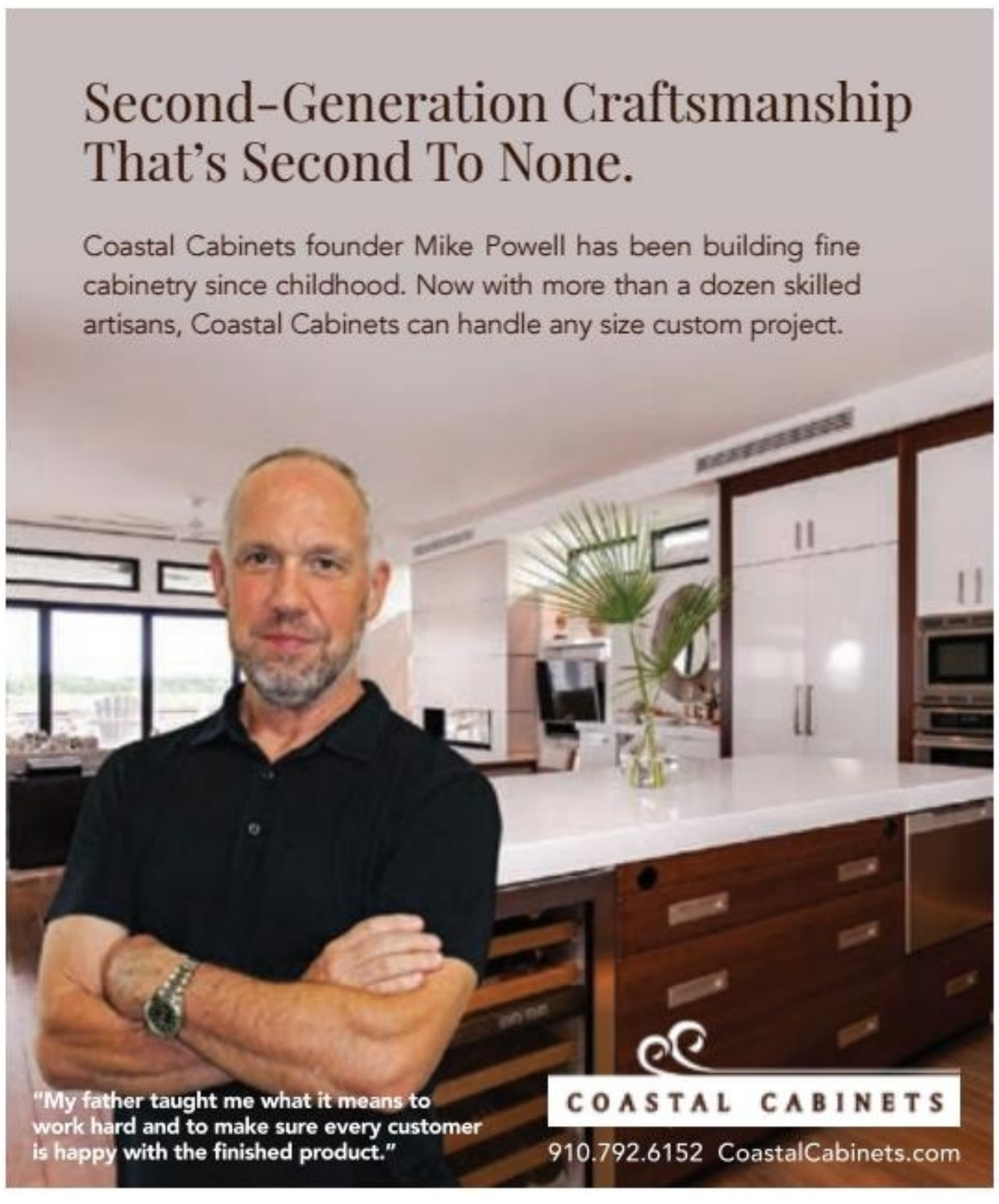
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Twitter, and it was retweeted over 1,200 times and responded to by writers as various as Neil Gaiman and Mary Alice Monroe, all of whom agreed that the writing life never gets easier, no matter who you are.

Kevin is one of the most successful writers I know — the *New York Times* best-selling co-author of *No Easy Day: The First-Hand Account of the Mission That Killed Osama Bin Laden* and *American Radical: Inside the World of an Undercover Muslim FBI Agent*; and a celebrated journalist who has written about the war in Afghanistan as an embedded reporter — but he is also one of the hardest working.

Our conversation once again turned toward the writing life when we met at the new Flying Machine Brewing Company in Wilmington a few days following my family's return to town after evacuating in advance of Hurricane Florence. Kevin's family had evacuated as well, but he had stayed behind to cover the storm and its aftermath for statewide and national news outlets.

Flying Machine Brewing Company, which is set to open in early November, is on Randall Parkway, where it sits along the cross-city trail and has views of the lake at Anne McCrary Park from its two-story patio. The interior of the taproom feels both enormous and inviting, with clean lines and industrial seating that mirrors the sheen of the brewing equipment that brews all the beer on-site. Borrowing from the name, flying machines and parts of flying machines inform everything from lighting fixtures to wall art to the pulls on the taps behind the bar.

Although they were not open for business before Hurricane Florence hit, Flying Machine jumped into the community effort after the storm had passed by offering free purified water to anyone in need of it. There were plenty of people in need, and there still are. Because of this, Flying Machine has pledged to donate a portion of their proceeds from their grand opening to local nonprofits.

As Kevin and I settle in at the bar, we are delivered a round of beers by co-founder David Sweigart. He offers us the "Passarola"

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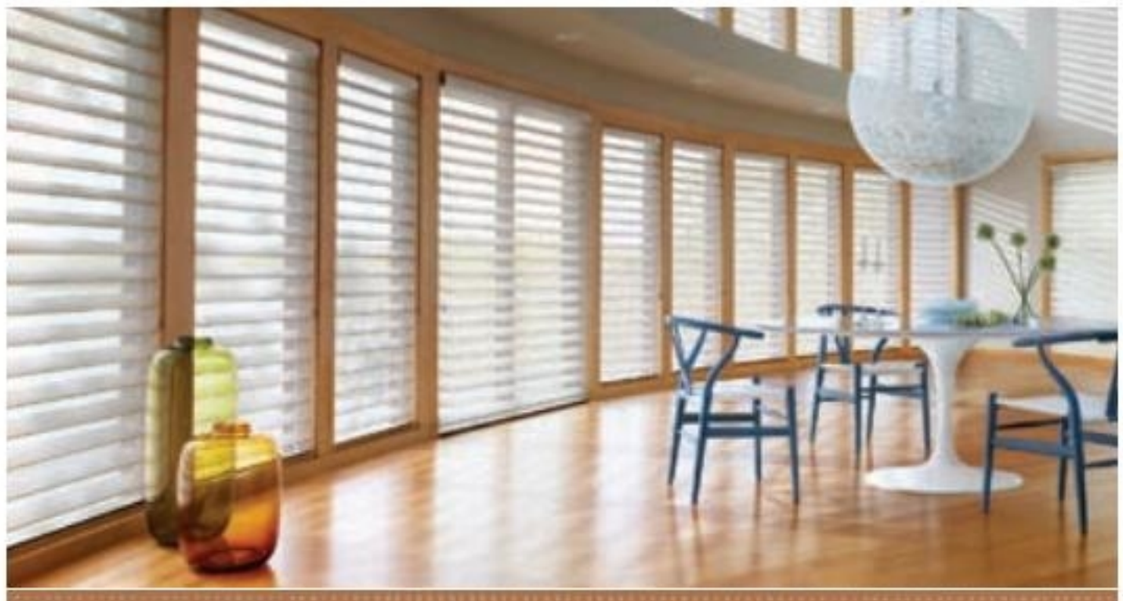

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Brut Pilsner and the "Electric Smoke" Alt Bier, and he lets us know we are being served the first beers poured and sampled in the brewery's history. Kevin and I agree that the honor of sampling Flying Machine's first pours is made even sweeter by the fact that both beers are delicious.

I ask Kevin about what it was like to write about Wilmington before, during and after Hurricane Florence. As he takes a sip of his lager, I mention something he wrote in an article about the aftermath of the storm: *Wilmington has become a city of lines*, he wrote. *Lines to get food. Lines for gas. Lines to get supplies.*

"That was the hardest part of covering the storm," Kevin says. "The waiting and watching people wait." He stares at the wall across from us where a huge mural of a globe featuring the words "Wilmington N. Carolina" hovers above us. "I watched people sit in their driveways and wait for the water to rise, and I watched it get higher and higher by the hour until they decided they couldn't wait any longer before they left and took whatever they could carry."

My family and I evacuated to Asheville, and we waited there, desperate for knowledge about what was happening on the coast, in Wilmington, in our neighborhood. I told Kevin I could not imagine being among those who were waiting here in town.

"It's interesting," he says. "My whole career has been spent covering crises around the world: war, famine, insurrection. It's been hard to see some of the things I've seen, but I always get to come back home. Covering Florence was different. This is my home."

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DRINKING WITH WRITERS

After we finish our beers, Kevin and I are invited into the production area, where gleaming stainless-steel tanks tower above us. Taproom manager Marthe Park Jones, who has spent years working in the Wilmington craft brewing community, and retail manager Grant DeSantos, recently

arrived from Asheville, where he managed retail for a major brewery, give us a tour and introduce us to a group of brewers who have spent years working and studying at breweries around the world. When the tour is over we stand around talking about the storm, and the long road the community and region have ahead.

Later, on our way out to the parking lot, Kevin and I make plans to get our wives together for dinner that evening at a local restaurant that has recently reopened. The city is gathering itself and moving forward. Wilmington and its people — both the long residing and the recently arrived — are no longer waiting.

Wiley Cash lives in Wilmington with his wife and their two daughters. His latest novel, The Last Ballad, *is available wherever books are sold.*

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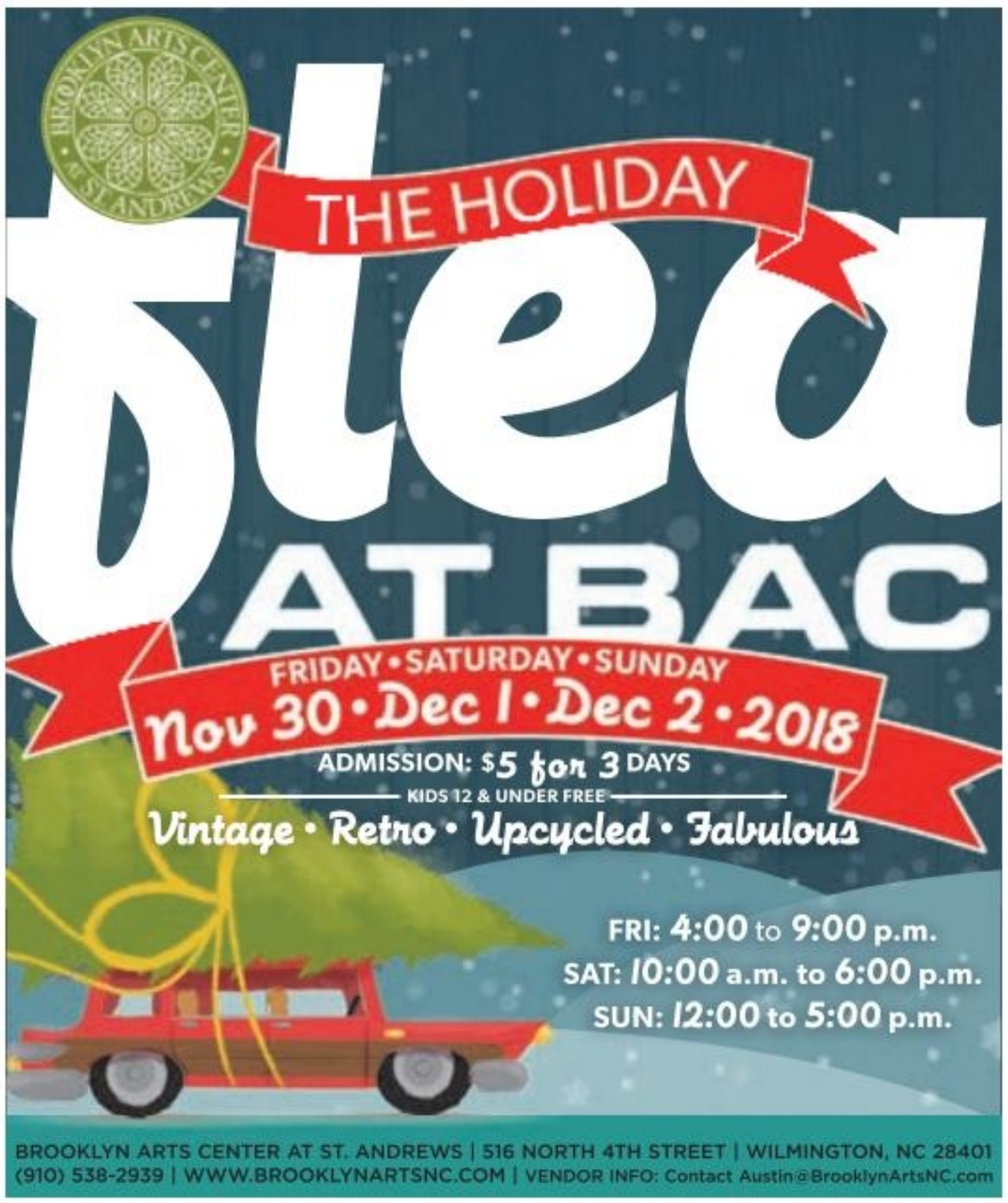
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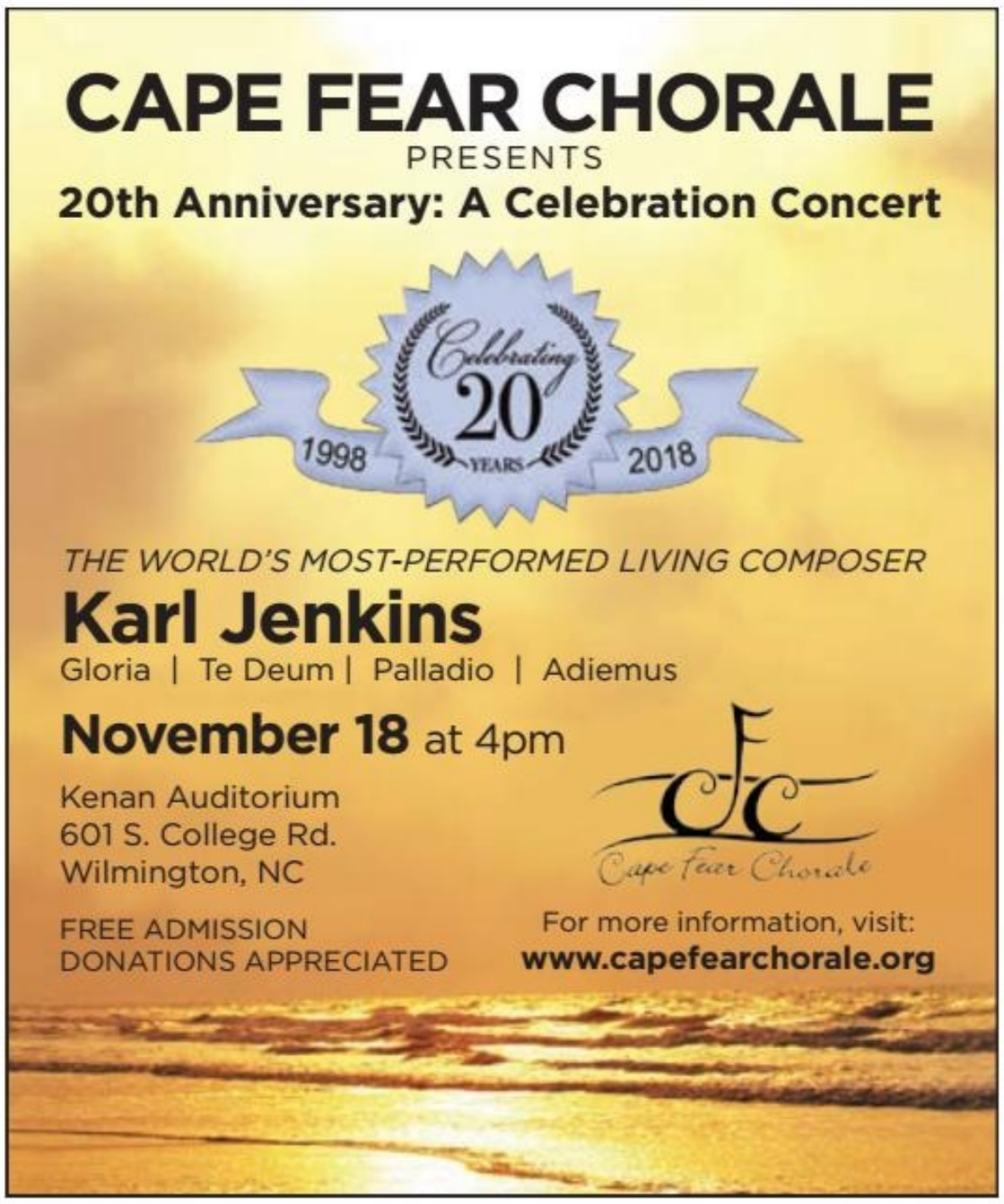

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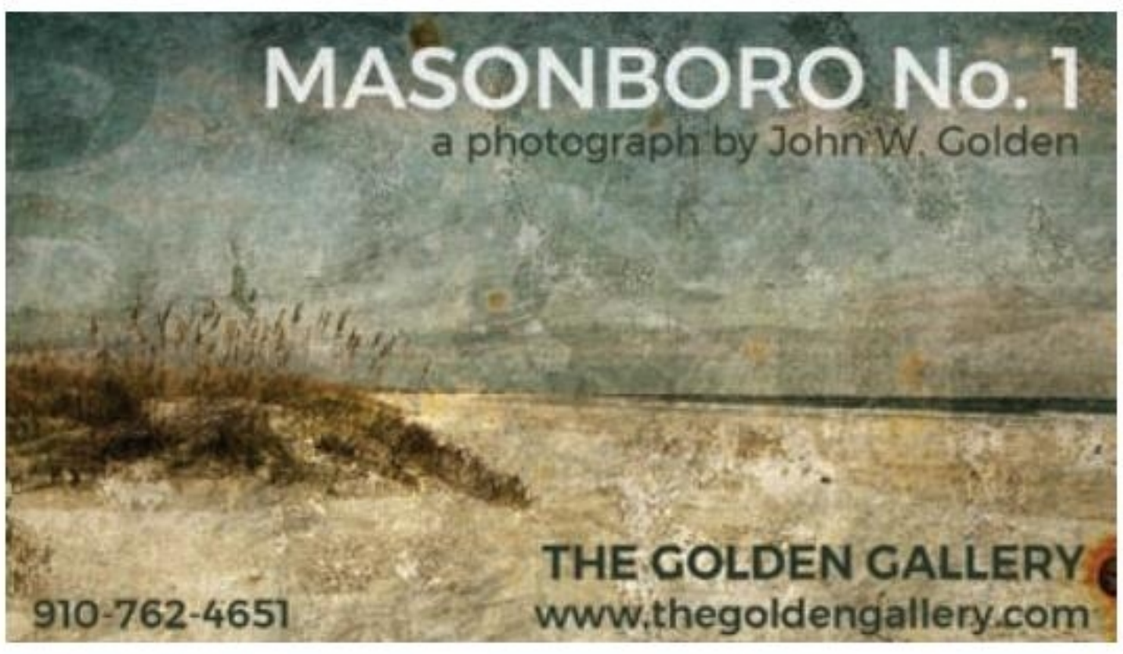

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Civility Lives

Every kind word helps

By Bill Thompson

I don't believe civility is dead although some folks already mourn its passing. Reports in the media notwithstanding, I like to think that there are still pockets of social interaction in which people converse without demeaning those with whom they interact. There is an old social dictum that my mother strongly endorsed, which said never discuss politics or religion in polite company. Following that instruction greatly limits conversation in many cases.

In the course of the last few months I have seen and heard instances of folks struggling to be civil under very trying circumstances. I was in a local store when a lady came into the shoe department, probably to find a pair of shoes to her liking. I say "probably" because her subsequent conduct did not necessarily confirm that assumption. After a cursory review of some shoes jutting out from a wall display, she chose a pair of black and white sneakers. (We used to call all such footwear "tennis shoes"; now they are running shoes, walking shoes, etc.). Raising one of the shoes high above her head, she shouted to the clerk who stood nearby, "Do you have these in my size?"

"What size would that be, ma'am?" asked the clerk politely.

"It depends on the shoe. What does this look like?" she said as she stuck one flip-flop-clad foot in front of him.

The young man replied with courtesy, "Why don't we measure and see," as he reached for an instrument to measure the woman's foot.

"You can't put that thing on my foot! No telling where it's been!" she exclaimed.

I wondered what places other than people's feet she thought the instrument had touched.

The young clerk didn't seem to be put off by the woman's manner and simply said, "I would guess that you wear about a size 7 in that kind of shoe."

"Well, go find a 7," instructed the woman.

In just a minute the young man returned and said, "I'm sorry, ma'am, we don't have a size 7 in that particular shoe."

"I knew you wouldn't," snapped the woman as she threw the shoe on the floor and stormed out of the shoe department.

I thought maybe the lady was just having a bad day. Maybe she thought doing a little shopping might brighten things up a bit. Evidently it didn't, but the young clerk showed remarkable restraint in the face of her rudeness. His response was a sure sign that civility is still alive even when pushed to the limit.

A few days later I was in the parking lot of a mall when I noticed a lady having some difficulty backing out of a parking space. She was trying not to hit the cars on either side of her. After several attempts — backing up, turning her wheels, driving forward, backing up again — she got out of her car and stood back and looked at her situation. As I started to walk over and offer my assistance (whatever my limited ability might be in that particular situation), a young lady came out of the store that was right in front of the parking space and started talking to the frustrated woman.

I heard the girl say, "Miss Wilma, just hold on a minute and I'll help you."

"No, I can drive my own car," said the lady.

"Oh, no, ma'am. You do fine. You just get right back in there and I'll move my car," said the girl. With that, the girl got in the car that was parked beside the lady's and moved to another area of the lot. When she had parked her car, she returned to watch Miss Wilma back out and drive away.

As the girl was standing there watching the lady drive away, I approached her and said, "That was very nice of you."

"Thank you," she said, "She's a nice lady who comes in here all the time."

"Why didn't you just back her car out for her?"

"Well, she mighta thought she was too old to drive her own car. Letting her drive her car didn't shame her."

Now, I don't know if those two instances were examples of civility or kindness. Maybe the shoe salesman didn't want to shame the rude customer who might have been just having a bad day. I believe that, when we get right down to it, civility is just being kind to one another.

Bill Thompson is a regular Salt *contributor. His newest novel,* Chasing Jubal, *a coming of age story in the 1950s Blue Ridge, is available where books are sold.*

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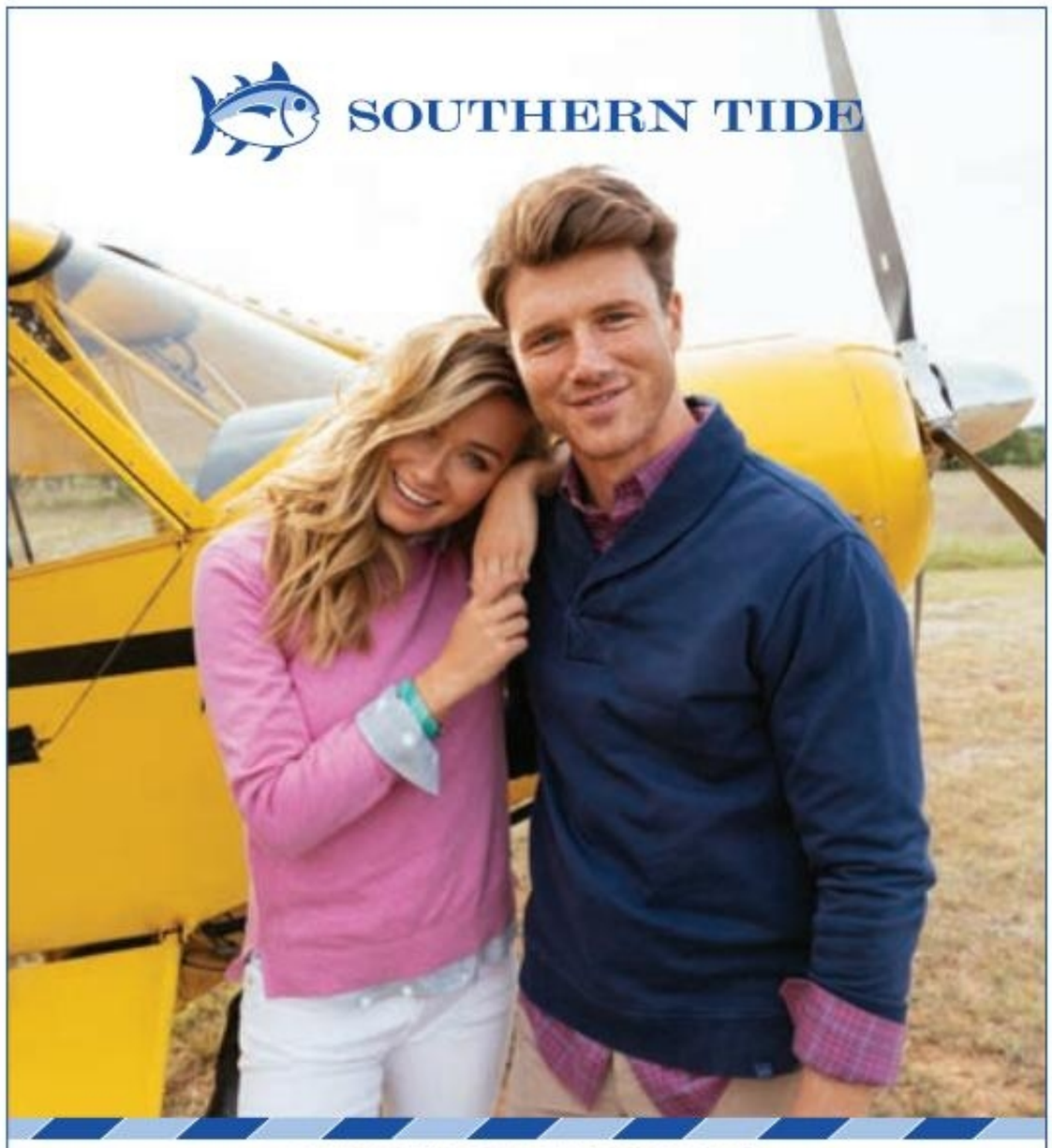

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Sugar Redux

Upping the dessert drink game

By Tony Cross

We've all been there. The server walks over to your table, dropping off dessert menus after you and your friends have finished stuffing your faces. As your eyes peruse the yummy treats, they scroll down to study the coffee and dessert drink menu. Sometimes these two are juxtaposed, and sometimes they are interlaced. How many times have you seen a Nutty Irishman made with Frangelico, Bailey's and coffee, or an Irish Coffee with Jameson's Irish Whiskey, whipped cream, green crème de menthe and coffee? Even worse, a Chocolatini with (probably) a vanilla-flavored vodka, and an ungodly amount of Godiva dark chocolate liqueur. Not a fan of the dark chocolate liqueur? Don't worry, they've got you covered — there's white chocolate and milk chocolate, too.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY CROSS

The problem is these drinks are tired. Just like the myriad 'tini menus that were everywhere at the turn of the 21st century, dessert drinks needed a face-lift. Before I got my turn behind the stick, I was a server. And I delivered a ton of these badly concocted sugar rushes to more guests than I can ever remember. Almost every delivery had the exact same result: As soon as they saw me coming with that oversized martini glass filled with 8 ounces of corn syrup, their faces would light up, and a cacophony of "ahhhs!" would fill the dining room, causing surrounding tables to smile and nod their heads as if they should order one next. One time, at the advice of a friend, I fell victim to the sugary trap. I splurged, had two chocolate drinks, and felt terrible. I found out the next day that I almost gave myself diabetes.

Let's fast-forward 15 years. Here are a few cocktails that I feel have been part of a revival when it comes to dessert cocktails.

A few years back, I was invited to a pop-up dinner. An extremely talented chef asked if I would like to do cocktail pairings with her four-course menu. We were going to serve around 30 local business owners. Everyone invited knew each other well, or were at least acquaintances. About two weeks before the event, the

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chef dropped over to my place to give me her menu. Everything looked fantastic. Immediately, I had ideas for the first three courses, but was at a loss for what to pair with her dessert. She was going to make a chocolate pot de crème, with homemade vanilla ice cream. Off the top of my head, I can't remember the cream sauce that she garnished it with; all I know is that it was light, and the ingredients were sourced locally. Easy enough, right? I spent a couple of days going over in my head what to do. I had just about settled on a complicated chocolate-infused mezcal, with yogurt and strawberries. And then it hit me — keep it simple, stupid. I remembered watching a video clip on YouTube of one of my heroes, Jeffrey Morganthaler, explaining his Gin Alexander cocktail. Equal parts London Dry Gin, crème de cacao and heavy cream. I once featured it in a drink special and received accolades from our guests. One quick side note: This drink is a spin on the Brandy Alexander. If you've ever received a poorly made one, you'll never forget it, i.e., huge martini glass with store-bought vanilla ice cream, cheap brandy, and very bad crème de cacao. Gross. Anyway, I riffed on Morganthaler's recipe and came up with the Garam Alexander. Staying true to the original recipe, the only major change was substituting equal parts of Flor de Cana 7 Year rum and a delicious local gin out of Winson-Salem, Sutler's Spirit Co. (a less juniper-forward gin with a heavier emphasis on citrus, cardamom and other botanicals). The cocktail was served up in a small, chilled coupe and garnished with a dusting of 100 percent organic cacao powder and garam masala. I remember watching an episode of *Chopped*, and the guy who played Christopher on the *The Sopranos* won the event because of his dessert dish — he dusted curry over his vanilla ice cream. Who knew?

Garam Alexander

1/2 ounce Sutler's Spirit Co. gin
1/2 ounce Flor de Cana 7 Year
1 ounce Tempus Fugit Spirits Crème de Cacao
1 ounce organic heavy cream

Combine all ingredients in a shaking vessel, add ice, and shake hard for 10 seconds. Strain into a chilled coupe glass. Garnish with a pinch of masala mix evenly across the cocktail. (Masala mix: equal parts cacao and garam masala.)

Not too long ago, I was visiting a couple that's very dear to me. (Not because every time I'm invited over I get to try rare rums and mezcal, but it never hurts.) While I was at Bo and Suze's downstairs "Bo Zone" bar, Bo decided to cap the night off with a quick and easy recipe he found online. He whipped up three cocktails, strained them in vintage glass coupes, and smacked a handful of mint that he placed on top for a garnish. I was talking to Suze while Bo was creating and didn't get a chance to see the ingredients. One sip, and I was hooked. "This is the Noisy Cricket," Bo informed me. The cocktail came from bartender Jim Romdall, who worked at Vessel, a bar in Seattle. The order Romdall received was for a Fernet Grasshopper, but he substituted Fernet Branca Menta, a less bitter, more minty little brother, for the regular Fernet. The result is superb: The balance between sweet and bitter is right on the mark. You'll notice that the Noisy Cricket and the Garam Alexander cocktails both use Tempus Fugit Spirits' Crème de Cacao à la Vanille — this is the real deal when it comes to a quality cacao liqueur. It's made with Venezuelan cacao and Mexican vanilla beans; there is nothing artificial inside this bottle.

The Noisy Cricket (Jim Romdall, Vessel, Seattle)

1 1/2 ounces Fernet Branca Menta
3/4 ounce Tempus Fugit Crème de Cacao
3/4 ounce cream

Combine all ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice and shake like hell until properly diluted. Strain into a chilled glass, and garnish with fresh mint.

Tony Cross is a bartender who runs cocktail catering company Reverie Cocktails in Southern Pines.

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Forster's Tern

Acrobats of the autumn air

By Susan Campbell

It is the cooler time of the year — and not when you would expect to see terns along our coastline. In summer, there is an abundance of common, gull-billed, royal, Caspian and least terns along the beach. Truthfully, the variety is only evident to non-birders by the array of vocalizations of these fast-flying birds. Terns, with their unique patterns of dark and light plumage as well as bill coloration, are often thought of as the diminutive cousins of gulls: also being primarily fish eaters and associated with saltwater.

The Forster's tern, a medium-bodied species, can actually be found in eastern North Carolina year-round. Indeed, in winter they are seen patrolling the breakers for their next meal. Individuals or small flocks will forage in saltwater habitat for small fish or larger invertebrates from late summer through spring. Their acrobatic diving is eye-catching no matter the season. Individuals patrol shallow waters watching for prey, which can range from jellyfish to starfish and crabs to smaller fish such as mullet.

Forster's terns are not the easiest bird to identify — especially in the winter months. Both adults and first winter birds have a black eye crescent, pale gray upper parts, red legs and a dark bill. Unlike other tern species, these birds actually have very limited dark markings on their wings. The blackish coloration is only evident on the very tips on the dorsal surface of the flight feathers. Their short bills are only moderately thick. And the tail is noticeably forked but not terribly long: only such that it projects just slightly beyond the wing tips when the bird is perched.

Interestingly, although this species breeds in a variety of freshwater habitats in the interior of the U.S., it can also be found nesting in marshes of our coastal plain. The percentage of our wintering population that is made up of long-distant migrants from the Great Plains and/or Canadian provinces is unknown. However, it has been long recognized that these birds change their habitat and food preferences seasonally. Although speculative, it is possible that local Forster's terns are precluded from feeding in salty locations specifically by common terns in the summer months. With the competition absent in cooler weather (i.e., common terns have departed for the tropics), their feeding grounds are significantly less restricted.

Certainly if you are away from the coast between October and March, Forster's is the most likely tern that you will encounter — and possibly in large numbers. Inland reservoirs such as Jordan Lake (in the Triangle area) host hundreds to thousands of these terns each winter. However, in these locations, miles from saltwater, terns of any variety are a treat.

Susan would love to receive your wildlife sightings and photos. She can be contacted at susan@ncaves.com.

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Lost Cause

Doing battle with the autumn winds,
the fragile leaves present their colors.
They shake their pointed fingers
in a wild dance, then regroup.
In the end, there is no reprieve;
strength overcomes determination.
The forlorn maple tree shivers,
gives up all pretense of modesty.

I've watched this drama unfold
for days now as though I were
at a sporting event — rooting for
the underdog, though I realize
it's truly a lopsided contest.
In the autumn of my years,
I too am buffeted willy-nilly
by the winds of inexorable change.

– Martha Golensky

The Art of Letting Go

With self-effacing charm and the soul of an artist, Wilmington-born Anne Brennan has transformed the Cameron Art Museum into a Cape Fear treasure

By Jim Moriarty

Photograph by Andrew Sherman

Anne Brennan keeps her entire collection of Anne Brennans tucked away in storage. One watercolor, unframed. The phrase *It's around here someplace* comes to mind. "Just a barn and a tree and a snowscape," says Brennan, the quintessentially Southern, self-effacing executive director — and lifeblood — of the Cameron Art Museum.

"I was painting outside," she says of the winter day in the North Carolina mountains near Cashiers. "It was so cold, I would load the brush with water and wet the page, and by the time I loaded any pigment, there's a sheet of ice on the page. So, it became this battle. I had to get in and get out. I couldn't over-paint it. I kept it because of that lesson." Emotional about art but not sentimental, Brennan thinks artists need to let their work go, not stay. With the exception of this lone piece, hers is all around town, in every conceivable way.

Whether it's the museum's Rowan LeCompte stained glass; the cultural coup of attracting the current interactive teamLab exhibition; new acquisitions like a Beverly McIver portrait or Louis Belden's 20th-century prints; the "State of the Art/Art of the State" 24-hour open call to artists; the class offerings of the Museum School; the permanent collection of some 3,000 objects; or her profound appreciation of the roots that drink deeply from the luxurious personalities and robust artistic legacy of the city where she was born, Brennan has become the indispensable guardian of the institution she shepherds.

"I see her as a cultural icon for the place," says Charlotte Cohen, the general manager of WSFX and the Cameron Art Museum's treasurer. "Her knowledge of the place is so vast and so long, she's a real treasure for the community."

As Irish as a pint of Guinness with a bishop's collar, Brennan's grandparents were immigrants from the old country, one from Dublin, the other from Donegal. Her grandfather stowed away on a ship to get to America, with his father shaking his fist at him at the dock, warning he'd disown him. "He's the only one that survived," says Brennan of the teenager named Nicholas. "The rest of them died of tuberculosis, so I'm very grateful he stowed away." That boy became the archetypal Irish cop, the chief of police in Newark, New Jersey, in the 1930s. Anne's father, John, was born there in 1920, a kid with musical gifts growing up in the Big Band era. "You know, these individuals in our lives that change everything for us . . . there was a high school counselor that saw my father was a good musician," says Anne. The counselor suggested the young drummer apply to the University of Miami. He did and off he went on a journey as liberating as his own father's had been.

"That really, really changed his life. My father had different bands that he was playing with, and they were playing gigs in Cuba," says Brennan. One performance was at Juan Batista's wedding: "Of course, the guests attending the wedding, they're greeted by folks with machine guns."

Wanting a family more than he wanted to be Gene Krupa, John Brennan got a job in oil sales, married and traveled the country with Anne's mother, Irene. Eventually they settled in Charlotte. Anne's older brother, Mark, was born. John's work brought the young couple and their 2-year-old son to Wilmington in 1952. Six years later, they had Anne. She studied piano as a girl, but a tumor involving the

blood vessels of her right hand required five surgeries between the ages of 9 and 16. "I couldn't pursue piano in any real way with that," she says. What she found was a set of paints, hidden in a closet behind her mother's hatboxes.

"My mother had signed up for night art classes with Claude Howell at what was Wilmington College," says Anne. "He's trying to teach good technique, wanting them to have real fluency. He sets up this challenging still life. It's a Chianti bottle with the basket bottom, Indian corn and, I think, a reflective copper pot. Mom is working intently. She's trying not to choke down on the feral of the brush but she's getting tighter and tighter, closer and closer to the canvas. She's painting every single little kernel. Claude walks up and just smears his thumb through it and she gave up. She just closed the lid on that gray aluminum box."

Anne reopened it. "I got into them, just copying calendars or greeting cards," she says. That led to classes at the St. John's Museum of Art, the precursor of the Cameron. In an echo of her father's experience, a high school counselor suggested she apply to the Governor's School. "It changed everything," she says. "It was six weeks. You could attend class. You could not attend class. You could go to concerts at the School of the Arts. You could watch the drama students rehearse. That freedom was dramatically transformative. Students learn that you make of this what you will."

High school was followed by Davidson College and, after graduation, a solo show. "She's one of the youngest people to ever have a solo show at the St. John's Museum of Art," says local artist Margie Worthington. If Howell, one of Wilmington's most beloved artists, raconteurs and teachers, unintentionally shooed Irene Brennan away from the easel, he gave the daughter a resounding thumbs up, at one point calling Anne Brennan the best artist Wilmington ever produced.

"So, I came back to Wilmington and got a studio in the attic of the Smith-Anderson House, lived at home for a few months and painted," says Brennan. She applied to graduate school at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and got in. "The show was at the end of '82. I entered Chapel Hill the fall of '83, but six weeks into the program my mother became very ill. She'd been ill when I was in high school, but she was in remission and it came back. I completely dropped out of the program after six weeks. They didn't give her until Christmas, and she lived for 16 months. I came back home and began to volunteer with our fledgling efforts to establish the public radio station."

Irene Brennan's illness resurfaced a year and change after Anne's brother, Mark, died in a car accident at the age of 29. "The overarching tragedy was, that day was my mother's death certificate. She wouldn't show her grief," says Anne. "That energy goes someplace. I firmly believe that's why the malignancy came back. And she wouldn't go to the doctor. She lost her will to live. She wanted to see him again. My father, on the other hand, 100 percent Irish. A musician, a lover, very expressive. He cried as easily as he laughed. He was able to grieve. He wept. We could talk about Mark."

Having worked at St. John's as a volunteer, in 1990 Anne became part of the staff as a curator and registrar of collections under C. Reynolds (Ren) Brown, who would steer the museum through its expansion, name change and the move from downtown to its current South 17th Street location. Brown passed away in 2004, and the following year Deborah Velders, then the director of the Menil Collection in Houston, was hired as Cameron's director. "Anne let me know one day that she had made a promise to her mother that she would go back to school and finish her graduate degree in fine arts," says Velders.

"You promise someone on their death bed that you're going to do what they're asking you to do, you've got to do it," says Brennan. She enrolled at East Carolina University. After completing her Masters of Fine Arts, Velders rehired Brennan as deputy director and put her in charge of the Museum School, re-creating one of St. John's Museum's original objectives. "She's a natural-born educator," says Velders. "She was really responsible for getting the Museum School set up and operating." In early 2011 Velders returned to Houston for another project, and Brennan assumed the helm of the Cameron.

Artist Margie Worthington — who in her younger days occupied studio space side-by-side with Brennan upstairs in the building on Front Street that once housed the Caffe Phoenix — says, "Anne brings some things that are just mind-blowing into Wilmington. Museums had to change their very nature, in many ways, to survive. They couldn't just be the repositories of the past. Anne grasped that. She began to make that happen in this community. She began to do things that had never been done before and make it all about bringing people together."

The current teamLab installations are the most recent example. Brennan happened to be in New York and saw one of teamLab's exhibitions at the Japan Society. "One of the installations was entirely immersive," she says. "You walk into a space and there are projections that are activated by your body on every plane of the cube that you're standing in. And it was deeply moving. Tears were hitting my shoes before I even realized I was crying. Exquisitely beautiful."

Pace Gallery represents teamLab. "So, we contacted Pace in January 2017. Is there any chance?" says Brennan. There were teamLab installations on exhibit at La Villette in Paris, another one in Johannesburg, South Africa. Pace was negotiating in Dubai and Hong Kong. "We knew we were running with the big dogs, and we were concerned whether we could afford to bring them in," she says. "Pace was great working with us. They knew that we firmly believed this would be such an important offering for our community. And two years later, we've opened." The three installations are *Sketch Aquarium*, *Story of the Time when Gods were Everywhere*, and *Flower and Corpse Glitch*.

In *Sketch Aquarium* it's possible to color a sea creature, scan it and then watch it join other creatures, swimming in a virtual aquarium projected on the walls. "We saw parents, grandparents and kids coloring fish together, activating things," says Brennan. "It's so deeply fulfilling anytime we can bring in something that's intergenerational." Just touching the symbols on the walls in "Gods" transforms them into the images they represent. As images are created, stories emerge. "Flower" explores the symbiosis of nature and culture.

The "State of the Art/Art of the State" call to artists was begun by Velders and carried on by Brennan on a three-year cycle. For 24 hours artists queue up and, if their work can fit through the door, they'll shake the hand of a museum curator and their art will be hung. The curators come from all over the country, museums like

the Guggenheim, Tate Modern and San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. "It became a happening for 24 hours," says Brennan. "If you and I are standing in line together for three hours waiting to talk to a curator, we start talking shop. When you have artists all gathered together, that magic happens."

Jose Grande-Gomez walked into the museum at 3:30 a.m., having driven from Charlotte after his 11 o'clock shift ended. "He said, and this is in very broken English, 'I so trying to find more time for my work,' " says Brennan. "He was doing a whole trajectory of work called *Birds in Peril*. He took this opportunity to show his work in a museum as in indication, at least to himself, that he was very serious about this. I'm curious to see where his life is at this juncture."

In the last "Art of the State," exhibition, the artists were given the chance to speak for two minutes about their work. Amber Barber brought a photograph. "Many, many folks have never shown their work before," says Brennan. "She said, 'I saw my daddy and I could not not take his picture.' Then she just struggled to get the next sentence out. She said, very emotionally, almost a whisper, 'It captured the essence of my daddy. He's a farmer.' That's all she said. This is what's so amazing about this endeavor, the vulnerability and the courage. Even the veteran artists. It's feeding something else the artists need."

Brennan has a sweeping devotion to the city's artistic roots. It includes Gladys Faris. "Ren always called Gladys Wilmington's Winslow Homer and it wasn't hyperbole," she says. And Alex Powers, who worked out of Myrtle Beach. "Alex was fierce." Jack Berman. "Jack studied at the Corcoran. He would talk about developing your artist's fist. Just a ferocity with what you're communicating. He saw people being freed from Auschwitz and some of the other concentration camps. You look at Jack's work after that? It changed all of the subject matter." Minnie Evans. "She was born in a tenement dwelling in Pender County, moved here when she was 7 months old. She said, 'Something just took my hand,' and she starts doing these drawings. She feels that she's channeling God." Henry Jay MacMillan. Claude Howell. And on and on.

There is a special place reserved in Brennan's pantheon for Elisabeth Chant. "It's one of my favorite projects, ever, ever, ever, ever. She taught everyone who became a major arts teacher, arts activist, arts benefactor in our region," says Brennan. That number included Howell, MacMillan and Bruce Cameron, for whom the museum is named. "And she was a card-carrying Druid. She was very instrumental in starting what was the predecessor of St. John's Museum, the Wilmington Museum of Art. That was a W.P.A. project. It opened Halloween, 1938, in a repurposed funeral parlor. Claude told us it was perfect for transporting not only caskets but large crates of framed paintings."

Born in Yeovil in the west country of England, by the age of 7 Chant had sailed the world with her father, James Chant, a merchant mariner and captain of the Cora Linn. After retiring from the sea, the Chants immigrated to Minnesota with most of Yeovil in tow. Elisabeth became a nurse in the Spanish-American War, decorated by the American Red Cross, and a widely exhibited painter, muralist and maker of woodblock prints. Following the death of her father, Chant was "involuntarily taken from her home (by then Massachusetts) back to Minneapolis to stand trial about her temperance, her sanity," says Brennan. In 1917 Chant was committed to the asylum of the Rochester Hospital and released three years later. After reprising her childhood travels through the Far East, Chant began searching for a place to establish an artists' colony. She chose Wilmington.

"She was 58 years old when she moved here. Her friends didn't come," says Brennan, "but what she did was so much more important for us. She inspired the people that were already here. Sometimes it will take an outsider coming in to share with you the riches that you do have. She had great auburn hair that she braided over her ears. Here, she's wandering around Wilmington looking like Princess Leia and the power broker families in this town aren't frightened by her. She's invited to lunch and dinner, into the best homes. For some reason, regions of the South have a reputation for taking care of the colorful folks in our lives. That's so deeply important."

The Cameron serves an eight-county region. "That's our mission," says Brennan. "It's the only art museum in the state that truly belongs to the community. We have no parent institution. When I look at what this community built, just because the desire is there, it's such an example of a cussedness."

Stubborn in its will to survive, it's guided by a woman with an artist's soul who, like Elisabeth Chant, inspires the people who are already there.

Jim Moriarty is the senior editor of PineStraw.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE CAMERON ART MUSEUM

A Tar Heel Thanksgiving

Over the river and through the woods . . . from mountains to the coast we go for a feast rich in the tastes and traditions of North Carolina

By Jane Lear · Photographs by James Stefiuk

A Southern Thanksgiving typically occurs around a table so crowded with platters and serving bowls there is barely enough room for glasses and flatware. A sausage and cornbread dressing may jostle for space with oyster casserole and hot, lighter-than-air biscuits; rice and cream gravy may vie with braised turnip greens dotted with crisp bacon. And then there's the roast turkey, with its burnished, crackling skin, taking center stage. It's a wonder anyone has room for dessert.

It wasn't always so — many Southerners considered Thanksgiving a New England (that is, abolitionist) holiday well into the 20th century — but now we happily, gratefully come together on the fourth Thursday in November to honor and sustain ties to family, friends and, of course, place.

Generally speaking, the South is a cornucopia of numerous cuisines, and when it comes to North Carolina in particular, the variation is remarkable, sweeping as it does from the hills and hollows of Appalachia to the lush Piedmont — with its low, rolling hills, it's as rumpled as a collard leaf — and on down a broad swath of Coastal Plain to the Atlantic. And while it's true that a simple, almost austere bowl of soup beans and cornbread seems a world away from a lavish platter of deviled crab, they are both products of an abundant region.

They are products, too, of the complex, bittersweet melting pot that was the antebellum South. European explorers and settlers brought, among other provisions, pigs, cattle, chickens, wheat, apples and turnips. Along with the slave trade came rice, okra, collard greens, black-eyed peas, peanuts, sorghum and watermelon. And all the newcomers relied greatly on Native American foodstuffs, including seafood, corn, beans, squash, sweet potatoes, chestnuts and low-bush cranberries, once common to the wetlands of Pamlico Sound.

And so when I was asked to come up with three side dishes that exemplified, respectively, the mountains, Piedmont, and coast of North Carolina, there was an astonishing array to choose from. At the end of the day, though, I realized that at Thanksgiving, none of us is really interested in complicated food, with lots of bells and whistles. What we crave is food that is sumptuous yet straightforward, rich yet not cloying. The flavors that speak to us are profound and nourish us on several different levels.

Take, for instance, sorghum mashed sweet potatoes. North Carolina, which grows almost half the country's supply of sweets, designated the tuber the state vegetable in 1995. Most of the production is in the sandy soils of the Coastal Plain, but sweets are grown all over the state, including the mountains. What really gives this recipe its Southern Appalachian cred, however, is the sweetener used: sorghum syrup, which is the cooked-down juices of the tall canelike sorghum plant. It's not as assertive as molasses (a byproduct of refined-sugar manufacturing), but its depth charge of flavor really resonates.

In addition to having a great affinity for sweet potatoes, sorghum is wonderful swirled into butter. "I can't tell you why sorghum syrup blended at the table with soft butter tastes better on a hot biscuit than putting the two on separately," wrote Ronni Lundy in her instant classic, *Victuals: An Appalachian Journey, with Recipes*. "I can just tell you it does, unequivocally. And that's why generations of mountain mamas have taught their babies how to do this."

Sweet potatoes, by the way, are not yams. A true yam (the word comes from the West African *inhame*, pronounced "eenyam") is a starchy, unsweet tuber that originated in the tropics, and although you'll find it in African, Caribbean, Philippine and Latin groceries, odds are it isn't piled in a big heap at your local Harris Teeter or Food Lion.

Not only are sweet potatoes not yams, they're not real potatoes, either, but a member of the morning glory family. Given its Latin name, *Ipomoea batatas*, it's not a huge linguistic stretch from *batata* to *patata* and potato. To further confuse the issue, back in the 1930s, promotors of Louisiana-grown sweets used the word yam to distinguish their crop from those grown in other states, and the misnomer became the basis for an enduring culinary myth.

When it comes to a green vegetable at Thanksgiving, lots of folks are happy with Brussels sprouts or broccoli embellished with crisp bacon or toasted nuts. There is nothing wrong with these delicious options, but I am always eager for the first frost-kissed pot greens of the season. Many people consider them sweeter than they are at other times of year, and their opinion has its basis in fact. In response to cold temperatures, the greens break down some of their energy stores into sugars, and so are at their peak flavorwise.

Southerners tend to simmer a variety of greens together, and each has its own character: Collards are mellow and meaty; turnip greens are sharp and spicy; and kale provides a sturdy underpinning and plays well with the others. In the recipe below, a satiny béchamel sauce rounds out the natural bitterness of the greens and lifts them into the realm of the extraordinary, especially with a little help from glossy, rich chestnuts.

Like most home cooks, I don't have the time or inclination to roast and peel chestnuts at home. That job, not nearly as romantic as it sounds (your fingers burn, bleed, or both), falls squarely in my "Not No, but Hell, No" category. The pre-roasted chestnuts in a vacuum-packed jar — available almost everywhere this time of year — are excellent, a true convenience food, and do the job beautifully.

They are, however, from Italian, not American chestnut trees, and therein lies a tale. The vast majority of American chestnuts — an estimated *4 billion* trees — succumbed during the mid-20th century to chestnut blight, a fungus that thumbed a ride on imported Asian trees. This great American tragedy has all but been forgotten, except by many in rural communities — from the North Carolina Piedmont to the Ohio Valley, from Maine to Florida — whose economy depended upon the "redwood of the east." It grew tall (often 100 feet or more), fast, and as straight as a column, providing rot-resistant hardwood for houses, fences, and furniture — from cradle to coffin, as it were.

A single mature chestnut could reliably produce 6,000 nuts every year. High in fiber, vitamin C, protein and carbohydrates, they were a boon to both settlers and their livestock, as well as an intricate web of wildlife, from pollinators to birds and bears. These days, dedicated plant scientists and volunteers are breeding and planting blight-resistant trees to repopulate our eastern woodlands. The widespread effort is led by the Asheville-based American Chestnut Foundation, and you can find out more at acf.org.

One of the things I've long found interesting about Thanksgiving is the widespread presumption that all Americans eat exactly the same food, the sort conjured by Norman Rockwell's sentimental 1943 painting *Freedom from Want* (a.k.a. "the Thanksgiving Picture"). But in my experience, plenty of families happily veer far from this ideal based on their heritage and local bounty, and they don't give it a second thought.

Dressing is an excellent example of what I mean. (Yes, most Americans call it stuffing, even those who prefer to bake it separately instead of inside the bird, but "dressing" is still widely used in Southern circles.) It never occurred to me until I was almost grown that different families have different takes on this traditional accompaniment. While at college, I went home with a Midwestern roommate for the holiday, and the hearty caraway-spiked rye bread, sauerkraut and apple rendition her mom served was worlds away from my mother's cornbread dressing with sage and onion. I was stunned and amazed.

Since then, I've broadened my outlook and, emboldened by an 18-year tenure at *Gourmet* magazine, I'm not shy about trying something new. Homemade cornbread or a mix of cornbread and a store-bought country loaf is my usual base, but then I roll up my sleeves and have fun. For years, I made a sausage and fennel dressing, sometimes enlivened with cranberries or dried cherries. Prosciutto, pancetta or bacon is always good in a dressing — all are lighter than sausage — and pecans provide a nutty, irresistible crunch. The combination of chestnuts, apples and leeks is a serendipitous one, as is chard, golden raisins and pine nuts.

And on this most inclusive of holidays, dressing is extremely versa-

tile. Chorizo and fresh green chiles push it in a Southwestern direction; andouille and dirty rice (instead of bread) give it New Orleans flair. One Chinese-American friend in Winston-Salem makes a heavenly concoction that involves dried Chinese sausage, shiitake mushrooms and bok choy, for crunch. You get the picture.

This year, however, in the wake of Hurricane Florence, my thoughts are with friends and family in Wilmington and elsewhere in the Old North State. We all love our oysters, and even though I'll probably kick off my Thanksgiving Day celebration with a few dozen on the half shell, incorporating them into my dressing doesn't seem like overkill. Chopped, they won't come across as a disparate seafood component, but will add richness and a deep savoriness to a simple herb and onion dressing. We'd miss them if they aren't there.

Happy Thanksgiving! Here's hoping you find room for just one more bite.

Sorghum Mashed Sweets

Serves 8

You'll find a number of different sweet potato varieties at supermarkets, especially this time of year. In general, the deeper the flesh color, the moister and sweeter they are when cooked. Sorghum syrup is available at many supermarkets and online sources. Because some brands are cut with corn syrup, make sure the label reads "100 percent sorghum."

6 pounds sweet potatoes, scrubbed and pricked with a fork
1 stick unsalted butter, melted
1/2 cup half and half or heavy cream, warmed through
2 tablespoons sorghum syrup, or to taste
Coarse salt and freshly ground pepper

1. Preheat the oven to 400°. Put the sweet potatoes on a foil-lined baking sheet and bake until extremely tender, at least an hour or more. Let cool, then halve and spoon the flesh into a bowl, discarding skins.

2. Mash the sweets with a potato masher until smooth, then stir in butter, half and half, and sorghum. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Creamed Greens with Chestnuts

Serves 8

Keep the turnip greens separate after chopping — they're added to the pan after the thicker-leaved collards and kale have cooked for a while. No turnip greens? No problem. You could substitute mustard greens, with their radishy hotness, or chard, which turns especially silky when cooked.

1 large bunch each collards, kale and turnip greens, tough stems discarded and leaves coarsely chopped (about 20 cups total; see above note)

Coarse salt
3/4 cup dry white wine
6 tablespoons unsalted butter, divided
2 large shallots, thinly sliced
1 bay leaf
1 cup jarred vacuum-packed chestnuts, coarsely chopped
2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
1 1/2 cups whole milk
1 1/2 cups heavy cream
Pinch of freshly grated nutmeg

1. Wash the greens well; shake off the excess water but don't dry completely. In a large sauté pan, cook the collards and kale with salt and wine over moderately high heat, covered and turning with tongs occasionally, until wilted. Reduce heat to moderate and cook, turning occasionally, until almost tender, about 15 minutes. Add turnip greens and cook, uncovered, until wilted. Transfer greens to a bowl.

2. Melt 4 tablespoons butter in the sauté pan over high heat. Add the shallots and bay leaf and cook, stirring, until shallots are softened, 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in chestnuts and cook about a minute more. Discard bay leaf, then stir in greens to incorporate and set aside.

3. Melt remaining 2 tablespoons butter in a saucepan over moderately high heat. Whisk in the flour, then gradually whisk in the milk and cream. Bring to a simmer, then simmer, whisking constantly, until sauce thickens slightly and just coats the back of a spoon, about 2 minutes or so. Whisk in nutmeg and 1 teaspoon salt to taste. Stir sauce into greens and cook over moderate heat until all is heated through.

The greens can be chopped a day ahead and refrigerated in a resealable plastic bag. The sauce can be made a day ahead and refrigerated, its surface covered with parchment paper; reheat before using. (If necessary, thin with a little milk while reheating.)

Oyster Dressing à la *Gourmet*

Serves 8

You can assemble this dressing, without the oysters, up to 2 days ahead, then refrigerate it, covered. Before baking, bring the dressing to room temperature and stir in the oysters.

About 2 loaves country-style white bread (not sourdough), torn into 3/4-inch pieces (about 12 cups), or a mix of white bread and your favorite cornbread, broken into 3/4-inch pieces

8 slices bacon, cut crosswise into 1/2-inch pieces

Extra-virgin olive oil (if necessary)

2 medium onions, finely chopped

1 1/2 cups chopped celery

1 tablespoon minced garlic

3 tablespoons chopped fresh thyme or 1 tablespoon dried thyme, crumbled

1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh sage or 2 teaspoons dried sage, crumbled

Coarse salt and freshly ground pepper

2/3 cup finely chopped fresh parsley

1 stick unsalted butter, melted

18 oysters, shucked, drained and chopped

2 1/4 cups turkey or chicken stock (or store-bought low-sodium chicken broth)

1. Preheat oven to 325° with the racks in upper and lower thirds of oven. Butter a 3- to 3 1/2-quart baking dish.

2. Spread the bread pieces on 2 baking sheets and bake, switching position of sheets halfway through baking, until golden, 25 to 30 minutes. Let bread cool, then transfer to a large bowl. Leave oven on and put 1 rack in the middle of oven.

3. Cook the bacon in a large heavy skillet over moderate heat, stirring occasionally, until crisp, about 10 minutes. Let drain on paper towels, reserving fat in skillet.

4. If bacon rendered less than 1/4 cup fat, add enough olive oil to skillet to measure 1/4 cup. Add the onions, celery, garlic, thyme, sage, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and 1/4 teaspoon pepper to skillet and cook over moderate heat, stirring occasionally, until vegetables are softened, about 10 minutes. Transfer to bowl of bread, then stir in bacon, parsley, butter, and oysters. Drizzle with stock, season with salt and pepper, and toss well to combine.

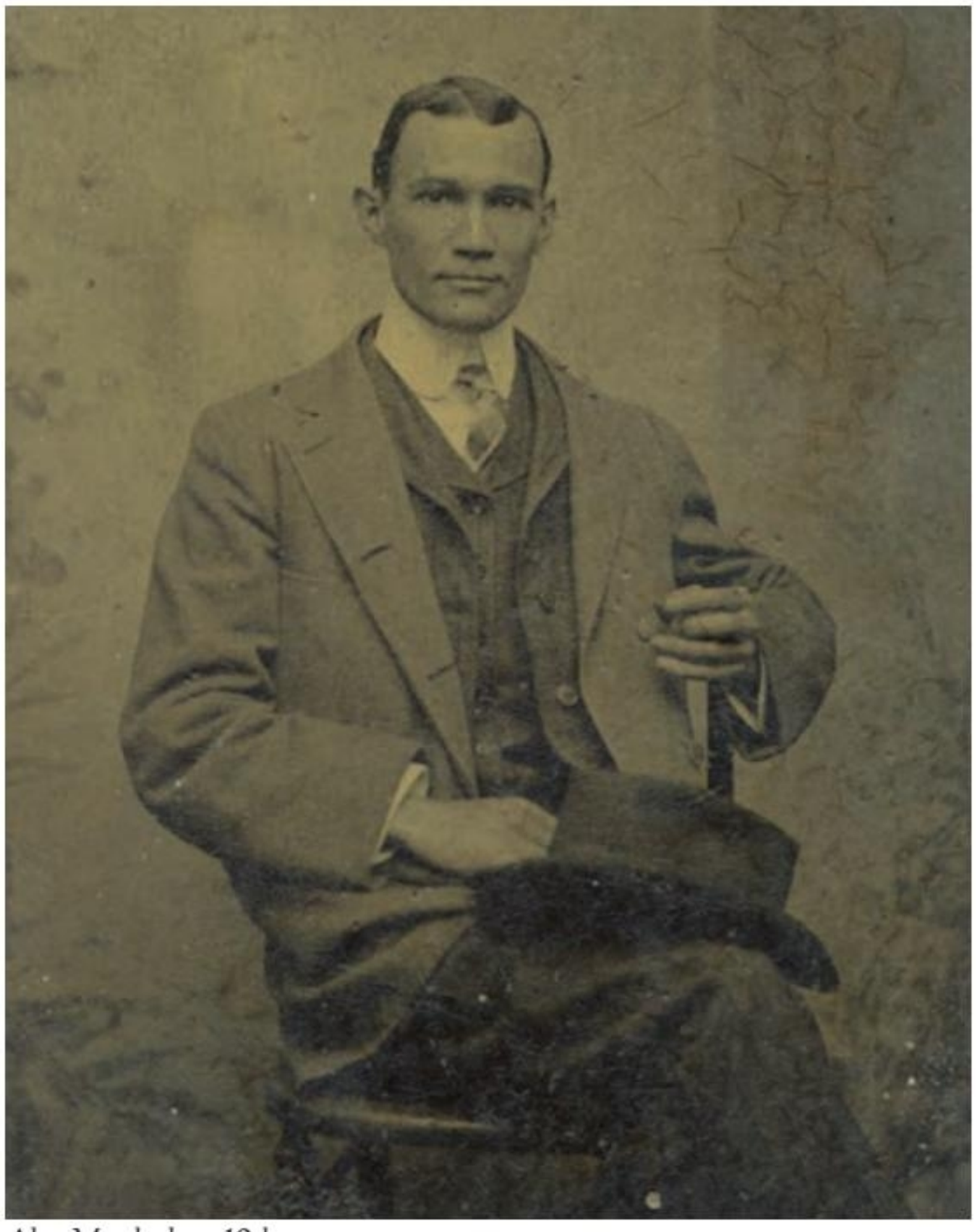
5. Transfer dressing to the baking dish. Bake, covered, for 30 minutes. Uncover and bake until browned on top, about 30 minutes more.

Jane Lear was the senior articles editor at Gourmet *and features director at* Martha Stewart Living.

The Voice of Black Mecca

In the fall of 1898, when an angry white mob burned The Daily Record, *the black community of Wilmington lost its most important voice in editor Alex Manly*

By Kevin Maurer



Alex Manly, late 19th century

It was dark when Alex Manly approached a bridge on the outskirts of Wilmington in the fall of 1898. Up ahead, a group of Red Shirt guards waited.

The white men — dressed in red tunics and carrying Winchester rifles — ordered him to stop. Alex Manly and his brother, Frank — newspaper editors and publishers — were wanted men, declared outlaws to be killed on sight by the white supremacist terror squads intimidating non-Democratic Party voters on the eve of the 1898 election.

The Red Shirts planned to lynch Manly, the editor of *The Daily Record*, the city's predominant black newspaper. He was a vocal opponent of the mob's attempts to paint the black community as rapists, criminals and interlopers.

Hours earlier, a white friend — rumored to be three men but whose true identity is lost to history — gave Manly $25 and the password needed to pass the checkpoint.

"May God be with you, my boy," the white man told Manly according to a letter written by Manly's wife in 1954. "You are too fine to be swung up to a tree."

Manly slowed the buggy as he approached the guards and gave them the password. It was dark, and Manly could pass as white. The guard — mistaking Manly for a white man — asked why he was leaving.

"We're having a necktie party in Wilmington, where are you going?" the guard asked.

"I am going after that scoundrel Manly," Alex Manly said.

The guards approved and loaded his buggy with Winchester rifles. They stood aside as he escaped over the bridge.

A few days later, a mob led by the Red Shirts and Alfred Moore

ALEX L. MANLY PAPERS, JOYNER LIBRARY, EAST CAROLINA UNIVERSITY

The Daily Record.
The Latest News
25 CENTS PER MONTH.
SURE TO REGIS TER SATURDAY.
WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDA EVENING, OCTOBER 20, 1898.
PRICE TWO CTS.
62.
The Negro Question.
Oct. 19.—The Grand Kentucky Masons, at its day, unanimously adopted tions reported by its spec which recommends between the Grand and the Grand
Six troops of the Ninth cavalry, after the grand jubilee ceremonies in Philadelphia, will proceed to Augusta, Ga., for duty with the Second Army Corps. This will be the first movement of troops from
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WARNED BY RA

Waddell, a former Confederate officer, marched from the armory on Market Street east to Seventh Street and burned the *Daily Record* offices. It was the opening battle in America's first and only coup. And like any war, victory can't be won with only guns. It must be sealed by a greater truth.

Manly stood in defiance of the mob's truth. So, he had to go.

"He was the only one to stand up against it," says David Zucchino, the Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter and author of *Better Get a Gun*, a retelling of the 1898 coup coming out next year. "This wasn't a riot. It was planned. It was an uprising and a white revolution."

Housepainter to Editor

Manly was born in 1866 near Raleigh. He was a descendant of Charles Manly and his slave Corinne Manly. Manly went to Hampton University, a black college in Virginia, before coming to Wilmington, first as a housepainter and then a newspaper editor.

It was during this time that he met his future wife, Caroline Sadgwar Manly. She was headed downtown to shop with her mother when she passed her father's worksite, according to a 1953 letter Caroline Sadgwar Manly wrote to her sons. She smiled at her father as she passed, but Manly thought she was smiling at him.

"I saw him but did not notice him, as I thought sure he was a white man and no nice girl in those days would think of smiling at any man she did not know and a white man was out of the question," Caroline Sadgwar Manly wrote.

Alex Manly told Caroline Sadgwar Manly's father he wanted to meet her.

"If you prove yourself worthy you may meet her someday, but you had better get to painting that cornice up there, instead of gazing at every little petticoat going down the street," he said, according to the letter.

Months later, Alex Manly and Caroline Sadgwar Manly became friends just before she went off to Fisk University. An accomplished singer, Caroline Sadgwar Manly also learned to set type on the *Fisk Herald*, the school's newsletter. When she got back to Wilmington, Manly and his brother were running *The Daily Record*. She started working in the *Daily Record* offices.

Alex Manly started *The Daily Record* with his brother, Frank, in 1895, advertised as the "only Negro daily in the world." It was published from an office at the corner of Seventh and Nun Streets. Three years after buying the paper, the brothers expanded from a weekly to a daily. The paper had white advertisers and a broad subscription base. But at its core, it was the voice of the black community in Wilmington.

"He was an advocate of fair treatment," says Zucchino. "He demanded better treatment of blacks in the colored ward of the hospital. He focused on better roads in black neighborhoods."

UNCW professor Philip Gerard, author of *Cape Fear Rising*, about the 1898 coup, described Manly as a moderate, temperate man. "His real glory was unglamorous community reporting," says Gerrard. "He was the glue that held the community together. He was exactly the kind of leader middle class Wilmington needed."

Wilmington was unique among Southern cities. It was one of the most integrated places in North Carolina. In 1898, the black community made up 55 percent of Wilmington's population. But the black community's real power was economic. Blacks accounted for 30 percent of Wilmington's craftsmen. Carpenters. Builders. Jewelers. Painters. Blacksmiths. The community was also moving into more prominent businesses, like *The Daily Record*. There were six black lawyers, an architect, and three of the city's aldermen were black.

Wilmington was nicknamed "Black Mecca."

But trouble was brewing during the 1898 midterm elections.

Ballot or Bullet

Wilmington, like much of North Carolina, was run by a coalition of black Republicans and white Populists. This fusion coalition had won every statewide office the last two elections on a platform of self-governance, free public education and equal voting rights. The Democrats needed a campaign theme for the 1898 midterm elections.

They picked race.

"North Carolina is a WHITE MAN'S STATE and WHITE MEN will rule it, and they will crush the party of Negro domination

COURTESY OF THE CAPE FEAR MUSEUM OF HISTORY AND SCIENCE

Alex Manly and his brother, Frank

beneath a majority so overwhelming that no other party will ever dare to attempt to establish Negro rule here," Furnifold Simmons, the Democratic State party chairman, said.

Newspapers like *The News & Observer* of Raleigh, *The Charlotte Observer* and the Wilmington *Morning Star*, founded by former Confederate Maj. William H. Bernard, were recruited to push the agenda through hateful editorial cartoons portraying the state's black population as animals and rapists. A common theme was black men attacking white women.

Rebecca Felton, a women's suffragist, called for the lynching of black men to protect white women in a speech to the Agricultural Society at Tybee Island in Georgia. "When there is not enough religion in the pulpit to organize a crusade against sin; nor justice in the court house to promptly punish crime; nor manhood enough in the nation to put a sheltering arm about innocence and virtue — if it needs lynching to protect woman's dearest possession from the ravening human beasts – then I say lynch, a thousand times a week if necessary," Felton said.

Her speech was reprinted in Wilmington. "It got under his skin so to speak," Caroline Sadgwar Manly wrote in a 1953 letter. Manly responded in an August 1898 editorial. He argued every black man lynched is a "big burly, black brute," when in fact many were "attractive for white girls of culture and refinement to fall in love with them." At the end of the editorial, Manly urged Felton to clean up her side of the argument first.

"Tell your men that it is no worse for a black man to be intimate with a white woman than for the white man to be intimate with a colored woman," Manly wrote. "You set yourselves down as a lot of carping hypocrites, in fact you cry aloud for the virtue of your women while you seek to destroy the morality of ours. Don't ever think that your women will remain pure while you are debauching ours. You sow the seed — the harvest will come in due time."

The Democrats pounced on the editorial. It was so controversial, Republicans claimed the Democrats wrote it. Not Manly. But the damage was done.

White advertisers stopped doing business with *The Daily Record*. The owner of the newspaper's Seventh Street office terminated Manly's lease. He received death threats.

"They said Alex Manly had defamed white womanhood and the big black burly coon must not live," Caroline Sadgwar Manly wrote in a 1953 letter.

Manly's editorial is often cited as one of the instigators of the coup, but Zucchino said that in private, Waddell and the other leaders of the coup loved the editorial. It helped rally people to their cause. "The editorial gave them the pretext," says Zucchino. "They were delighted. They were now justified in defending the honor of white women."

Waddell, a former Confederate officer and U.S. congressman, was hired to lead the 1898 campaign. A good orator, he helped incite white citizens against the black community in Wilmington by vilifying Manly. "Few white men in Wilmington intended to back their candidates that November without the benefit of a firearm," Zucchino writes in his book. "They had vowed to take charge of the city's government by the ballot or the bullet, or both."

Two months after the editorial was published, Waddell gave a speech at Thalian Hall, where he said allowing blacks to vote was "the greatest crime that has ever been perpetrated against modern civilization," closing with what would later become the campaign's rallying cry: "We will never surrender to a ragged raffle of Negroes, even if we have to choke the Cape Fear River with carcasses."

The Coup

On Election Day, despite a heavy black turnout, Democrats won offices around the state. But Wilmington's Fusionist government remained in power. Hugh MacRae — a Wilmington industrialist and one of the leaders of the coup — called for a meeting the next day. On Nov. 9, 1898, Wilmington Democrats gathered to hear Waddell read "The White Declaration of Independence."

"We the undersigned citizens of the city of Wilmington and county of New Hanover, do hereby declare that we will no longer be ruled and will never again be ruled, by men of African origin," the document stated. The declaration made several demands, including the banishment of several black leaders in the city, especially Alex Manly.

"A climax was reached when the Negro paper of this city published an article so vile and slanderous that it would in most communities have resulted in a lynching, and yet there is no punishment, provided by the courts, adequate for the offense," the declaration said. "We, therefore, owe it to the people of this community and city, as protection against such license in the future, that 'The Record' cease to be published and that its editor be banished from this community," the document said, adding "If the demand is agreed to, we counsel forbearance on the part of the white men. If the demand is refused or no answer is given within the time mentioned, then the editor, Manly, will be expelled by force."

Waddell did not receive a response, so on the morning of Nov. 10, he led 500 white businessmen and veterans armed with rifles, and a Gatling gun, to the two-story publishing office of *The Daily Record*.

Manly was long gone and the building was empty. The mob broke down the door and smashed up the office, destroying Manly's press. Kerosene from the office lamps was spread on the wood planks and set ablaze. Waddell's men cheered as the building burned. Before they left, the mob posed for a photograph.

As the building burned, Waddell's ranks swelled to about 2,000

ALEX L. MANLY PAPERS, JOYNER LIBRARY, EAST CAROLINA UNIVERSITY

Staff of the Daily Record

men with shotguns and Winchester rifles. They marched from the paper toward Brooklyn, the majority-black neighborhood, destroying black businesses along the way."One of the goals of the riots was to destroy the black middle class," says Zucchino.

Rev. J. Allen Kirk, a pastor of Wilmington's Central Baptist Church, hid in a graveyard as the mob attacked. "Firing began, and it seemed like a mighty battle in war time," Kirk said in a statement. "The shrieks and screams of children, of mothers, of wives were heard, such as caused the blood of the most inhuman person to creep."

While the white mob marched on Brooklyn, Waddell forced the Republican mayor, the police chief and board of aldermen to resign at gunpoint. A new government made up of Democrats was installed and Waddell was elected mayor. By the time he took office, between 60 and 300 black people were killed and about 20 were banished from the state.

Scars and Legacy

After passing through the guards, Manly went to North Carolina Congressman George White's house in Washington. Caroline Sadgwar Manly was in London during the coup. She joined Manly in Washington and they were married in 1900.

The Manlys moved to Philadelphia. Manly never talked about what happened in Wilmington. "He was pretty shaken up," says Zucchino. "He was surprised at the extent of the venom and viciousness that rose up."

In letters to her sons, Caroline Sadgwar Manly says talking about what happened in 1898 "brings heartache." "I like to write cheerful letters and there is too much sadness about that newspaper for me to tell you now, I will wait until I can find courage to tell you," she writes in one letter to her sons. "I wish I could forget it."

In another letter, she stops writing about what happened in Wilmington because her tears blot the ink.

When Waddell and his men burnt *The Daily Record*, it silenced the black press for a decade or more, according to a North Carolina commission report on the coup.

"Not until the development of the *Cape Fear Journal* in 1927 did the city have another regular African-American newspaper," the report said.

Because of the coup, Manly's legacy is incomplete, Gerard said.

"One of the costs of 1898, we don't have a journalism professorship or journalism school named for Alex Manly. Instead, it was all nipped in the bud," Gerard said.

Manly deserves recognition. He was not only the best kind of journalist — one that told the truth and held people accountable with facts — but he understood the power of a story and the responsibility the press has in telling it.

It's no coincidence the mob marched from the armory on Market Street east to 7th Street to burn *The Daily Record*. Waddell and his co-conspirators made Alex Manly a public enemy, because when you deal in lies, the truth is the only threat.

Kevin Maurer is an award-winning journalist and author who lives in Wilmington. His latest book is American Radical: Inside the World of an Undercover Muslim FBI Agent.

ALEX L. MANLY PAPERS, JOYNER LIBRARY, EAST CAROLINA UNIVERSITY

The New French

Re-imagining a classic plantation house at Shandy Point

By William Irvine · Photographs by Rick Ricozzi

Shandy Point is one of the most scenic neighborhoods in Wilmington. A canopy of ancient live oak trees lines its lanes, and the neighborhood's centerpiece is a small harbor for local boats, which leads through a channel to the Intracoastal Waterway.

Lee Garrett's house holds pride of place at the edge of the boat basin here, a three-story wooden plantation-style structure that she renovated with the help of High Maintenance Builders. And Lee has always been a lover of all things French, and that's where Gigi Sireyjol-Horsley, her decorator of choice and the proprietor of the stylish shop Paysage, came in. "She is a Francophile in all aspects of it," says Gigi. "She had been a Paysage regular client for several years. One day she popped in while we were unloading a truck and saw on the sidewalk a beautiful Swedish clock. This piece started the renovation of her previous house; while we were working on making changes to her townhouse, the opportunity of this fantastic property arose and we switched gears!"

The goal was to create a beautiful and comfortable house that would accommodate Lee's children, grandchildren, two dogs and everyone's friends — but also with an undercurrent of French style and furniture that was sympathetic to Lee's family pieces. "She also wanted a home in which each room will be used every day," says Gigi. "I call the style purposeful and timeless French elegance."

The approach to the house is welcoming — a visitor is greeted by a large pair of Rodin-style lanterns from Bevolo in New Orleans that flank the door, which is evocative of a Parisian *appartement* — a custom-made replica by Stephenson Millwork in Wilson of a French example with beveled glass and handsome hardware.

Inside, the first-floor public rooms show Sireyjol-Horsley's elegant touch. The front of the house has an office with a mixture of new and old pieces, with a palette that is soft and gentle — a French gray and a soft green to echo the water views outside. There are family pieces from Lee's mother, Lucy Brewer, who grew up on Rose Hill Plantation near Nashville, North Carolina. The living room's welcoming feature is a beautiful French marble mantelpiece and a large fish tank set in a French Provincial composite cabinet.

Clockwise from above: A Van Thiel club chair beneath a painting by Helen Dixon; the living room; reproduction French 18th-century chest from Eloquence.

Clockwise from right: The kitchen features a counter with pull-up barstools from Lee Industries; the dining room, with antique Swedish clock, blue lamps from Bradburne Gallery; the classic French kitchen has a hanging rack for copper pots. Hood design fabricated by Roy Mended of Mended Metals. Kitchen cabinets by Creative Custom Wood. Backsplash by Southeastern Tiles, Wilmington. Stove: Lacanche Fourneaux de France. The house has a wraparound porch with separate areas for dining and entertaining, all with views of the channel, which feeds into the Intracoastal Waterway.

"Lee wanted the kitchen to be the focal point of the whole house," says Gigi. The result is classic and very French: a center hanging rack lined with copper pots, a French butcher block table in the center of the kitchen with a bluestone top, the stove from Lacanche Fourneaux de France. An all-white cabinet full of Limoges china lines the wall. The adjacent wet bar from Anchor Hardwoods is made from spalted pecan, which gives it a marbleized look. In the dining room, wallpaper resembles the outside reflection of water, and the large antique Swedish clock dominates the corner.

The stairhall is enhanced by metalwork gates custom-made by Roy Mended of R Mended Metals, with fish swimming through reeds on both sides. An upstairs balcony features another Mended railing, this time of seagrass, reflecting the imaginary view out to the channel.

Upstairs, the French influence can be seen in the entrance to the master bedroom, which is quite formal, with a pair of mirrored antique doors flanked by a pair of French sconces. The room contains beautiful curtains, heavily embroidered in an Osborne and Little fabric. A large reproduction French bed is surrounded by a pair of 19th-century French medallions; there is also an attractive seating area in French grays. The overall effect is elegant, calm, and so very chic. "We wound up with a sophisticated design that reveals only the details that matter," says Gigi. And it certainly helps when you have a dream client who shares your Gallic enthusiasms. "Lee is a light breeze that calms the soul," she says with a smile.

Top: The office is a mixture of new and old. Antique chest and drop-front desk are antiques inherited from the owner's mother, Lucy Brewer. Elegant French gray velvet daybed sits beneath front windows. Curtains are linen by Travers. Above: On the stair landing, custom seagress railing by Roy Mended or R Mended metals echoes the water view out the window.

Above: The master bedroom has its own balcony with a water view. An antique reproduction French bed is flanked by 19th-century French medallions. Curtains are in a heavily embroidered fabric from Osborne and Little. Left: A guest bedroom for visiting children.

The Baker's Apprentice

How cookbook guru Ken Haedrich saved Thanksgiving from the clutches of Sara Lee

By Virginia Holman • Photographs by Mark Steelman

It may be immodest to say so, but I'm a delightful Thanksgiving guest. So wonderful (or at least so cunning) am I, that until a few years ago, I had managed never to host a Thanksgiving meal. I always arrived with a good bottle or two of whatever our host enjoys, a funny story, and dessert in a charming porcelain dish. (Who would ever know if it was Sara Lee or me? Reader, I confess; if it was good, it was Sara Lee.)

Then, a few years ago, at the tender age of not quite 50, I rose to the occasion and hosted my first home-cooked Thanksgiving dinner. My family, well aware that my skills in the kitchen are remedial, dispensed basic recipes and advice. (Keep it simple. Rome wasn't built in a day. Lower your expectations.) By the last measure, my dinner, I'm happy to report, was a roaring success. Hot food was served! My family ate it! No one else had to cook! I had a few days of post-Thanksgiving afterglow and felt quite pleased with myself. Then I began to doubt my experience. Maybe things hadn't gone well. Maybe by "pleased with myself," I meant "relieved it was over." This escalated to the point that I became convinced the meal had been terrible and I was simply the hapless victim of good etiquette.

Alas, there is only one way to know, so this year I have volunteered to host Thanksgiving a second time. This time, I have decided to up my game. Knowing that all's well that ends well, I have decided that my best shot at improving my holiday hostess game is to make a killer dessert. When I found out that nationally renowned cookbook author and baking teacher Ken Haedrich had retired to Wilmington, I talked my way into his kitchen for a private lesson. As it turned out, I couldn't have had a more generous, delightful, or accomplished instructor. Ken guided me through the assembly of an apple pie, taught

me how to use a rolling pin (yes, I'm that remedial a baker) and was utterly unflappable, even when I mistakenly put in 3/4 of a teaspoon of salt instead of cinnamon and ruined the dough. I was annoyed with myself and half-ready to call it quits out of sheer frustration, but Ken just shrugged, matter-of-factly tossed everything into the trash, and we began again. No guilt. No judgment. Ken manages to be both focused and easygoing at the same time.

Ken's a tall, lean man with silver hair and a measured, calm voice. He grew up as one of seven children in New Jersey, and his fondness for baking pies was fostered by watching his parents in the kitchen. "My parents loved making pies together and on fall weekends, they would load all of us in the car and we'd go to the mountains of New Jersey and buy a bushel-basketful of apples," he says. "My parents made the pies together, just the two of them, while we kids watched and waited. I loved watching them bake — they took such joy in it." Ken describes pie making in much the same way one might describe a mindfulness practice like meditation or yoga.

Though Ken always enjoyed food and cooking, he came to be a baker after pursuing other jobs. "In 1972, I joined the Navy as a Seabee and shared a home off base with other sailors. I gravitated toward the kitchen and enjoyed preparing our meals." Later, he worked as a cook in a home for abused children who were wards of the state. He also began writing and collecting his recipes into self-published cookbooks that he sold for extra income. Over time, as it became clear to him that he was interested in a niche career in pie making, he began writing for magazines like *Bon Appetit*, *Food & Wine*, and *Cooking Light*. In time, he was publishing cookbooks with Harvard Common Press and Workman Publishing. His cookbook, *Pie*, is a fastidiously compiled accessible collection of recipes that was warmly received by the likes of *The New York Times* and Williams-Sonoma.

After a long, successful career in traditional cookbook publishing, as Ken approached retirement age, he found he wanted something more. He wanted a pie-making community, and so he founded The Pie Academy. Through the academy Ken is able to deliver recipes and instructional videos all over the globe. He also runs regular Weekend Pie Getaways in locations like Charleston. At these gatherings, people not only learn to make pies, they form bonds with one another, laugh, bake, and eat together. Ken tells me that attendees often comment that they find the weekends an antidote to their workaday lives. "There's something tactile and contemplative about pie making; it's very different from sitting at a desk all day." he says. Ken has also returned to his roots in self-publishing. His recent book, *Pie Zero to Pie Hero*, a short e-book, is an accessible and concise guide to the basics of pie-dough making.

Once we've finally made our pie crusts, he advises me to only use apples for my Thanksgiving pies that are good baking apples. "You really want apples that are both sweet and tart, and ones that will hold their shape after baking." He recommends Jonagolds and Northern Spy apples. I immediately think I should make up a whimsical recipe of my own — a Southern apple pie of Northern Spies — but then I realize that not following the recipe is likely to make me more Pie Zero than Pie Hero at Thanksgiving. I follow Ken's example and return my focus to making the crumb topping. After 30 minutes in the oven and some time on the cooling rack, we've made a classic American apple pie to cap off my Thanksgiving dinner. The turkey and ham, however, will be outsourced.

Ken's Favorite Apple Crumb Pie

Food Processor Pie Dough (see below)

Filling

7-8 cups peeled, cored, sliced apples.
2/3 cup packed light brown sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 teaspoons lemon juice

Crumb Topping

1 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
1/3 cup granulated sugar
1/3 cup packed brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup (one stick) cold, unsalted butter, cut into 1/4-inch pieces

1. If you haven't already, prepare and refrigerate the pie dough. Roll the dough and line a 9 1/2-inch deep-dish pie pan with it, shaping the overhang into an upstanding ridge. Flute the edge, if desired. Refrigerate the shell while you prepare the filling.

2. Position one of the oven racks in the lowest position and another in the middle of your oven. Preheat the oven to 375 degrees. Line a large baking sheet with parchment paper or foil to catch any spills.

3. Place the prepared apples in a large mixing bowl. Combine the brown sugar, cornstarch, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt in a separate bowl. Mix briefly by hand, then stir into the apples. Stir in the lemon juice.

4. Transfer the filling to the chilled pie shell, mounding it in the center. Place the pie on the baking sheet. Place on the low oven rack and bake for 25 minutes.

5. While the pie bakes, make the crumb topping. Combine the flour, sugars, cinnamon and salt in a food processor. Pulse several times to mix. Scatter the butter over the dry ingredients. Pulse repeatedly, until the topping has a texture like coarse sand. Don't let it form large clumps. Transfer to a bowl and refrigerate.

6. When the pie has baked 25 minutes, remove it from the oven, on the sheet, and carefully — so you don't burn yourself — cover the apples evenly with the crumb topping, patting it down gently. Continue to bake the pie, on the middle rack, for 30 to 40 minutes, until the juices bubble thickly around the edge. If the topping starts to get too brown, cover the pie with foil. Transfer the pie to a rack and cool for at least an hour or two before serving. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

Food Processor Pie Dough

1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
1 1/2 teaspoons cornstarch
1/2 teaspoon salt
10 tablespoons cold unsalted butter, cut into 1/2-inch cubes, or 8 tablespoons cold, unsalted butter plus 2 tablespoons vegetable shortening or lard
2 teaspoons white vinegar
Scant 1/3 cup cold water

1. Combine the flour, cornstarch and salt in a food processor. Pulse several times, to mix. Remove the lid and scatter the butter — or butter and shortening/lard — over the dry ingredients. Pulse the machine 8 to 10 times, until all the fat is broken into small pieces, none larger than green peas.

2. Add the vinegar to a 1-cup glass measuring cup. Leaving the cup on the counter, add just enough cold water to equal a scant 1/3-cup liquid.

3. Add the water through the feed tube in a 7-to-10-second stream, pulsing the machine as you add it. Stop pulsing when the mixture is still fairly crumbly but starting to form larger clumps. Turn the mixture out onto your work surface and shape it into a ball, then flatten it into a 3/4-inch thick disk. Wrap the dough in plastic wrap and refrigerate for at least 1 hour before rolling. Makes enough dough for one 9 1/2-inch deep-dish pie.

To learn more about Ken Haedrich's books and instruction, visit The Pie Academy at https://thepieacademy.com

Virginia Holman lives and writes in Carolina Beach.

ALMANAC

November

By Ash Alder

Hollowed pumpkins filled with dahlias. Acorns, gourds and pheasant feathers. Cinnamon and clementine. November is a holy shrine.

Can you feel that? The vibrancy among the decay?

The veil between worlds is thin.

In the garden, the holly gleams with scarlet berries, beckons bluebird, warbler, thrasher, and — do you hear those lisping calls? — gregarious flocks of cedar waxwing.

We too offer fruit. Some for the living, some for the dead.

Altars lined with flickering candles, candied pumpkins, marigolds and copal incense are lovingly created in remembrance of deceased loved ones, who are believed to return home for *El Día de los Muertos*, a Mexican holiday celebrated Oct. 31 through Nov. 2.

Sweet bread, warm meals, soap to cleanse the weary soul . . .

Imagine celebrating Thanksgiving with that kind of spirit.

Or better yet, try it.

For man, autumn is a time of harvest, of gathering together.

For nature, it is a time of sowing, of scattering abroad. – Edwin Way Teale

Seeds of inspiration for the November gardener:

- Enjoy the quiet hour of morning, the sweet gift of Daylight Saving Time (Sunday, Nov. 4).
- Day after Thanksgiving, sow poppy seeds on the full Beaver Moon for a dreamy spring.
- Feed the birds.
- Force paperwhites, hyacinth and amaryllis bulbs for holiday bloom.
- Stop and smell the flowering witch hazel.

The Eleventh Hour

Best known by nom de plume George Eliot, Victorian-era novelist Mary Anne Evans so loved fall that she claimed her very soul was wedded to it. "If I were a bird," she wrote, "I would fly about the earth seeking the successive autumns." No surprise she was born in November, the 11th hour of this season of swirling leaves, snapdragons, goldenrod and falling apple.

Sesame Street's googly-eyed Muppet Cookie Monster was born Nov. 2, on the Mexican Day of the Dead.

You want cookie?

In the spirit of life and death, try pan de muertos instead, a sweet bread baked in honor of departed loved ones. The below recipe came from a sweet-toothed friend who isn't afraid to wake the dead.

Pan de Muertos (Mexican Bread of the Dead)

Bread:

1/4 cup butter
1/4 cup milk
1/4 cup warm water
3 cups all-purpose flour
1 1/4 teaspoons active dry yeast
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons aniseed (or 1/2 teaspoon anise extract)
1/4 cup white sugar
2 eggs, beaten
2 teaspoons orange zest

Glaze:

1/4 cup white sugar
1/4 cup orange juice
1 tablespoon orange zest
2 tablespoons white sugar

Directions:

Heat butter and milk together in medium saucepan. Once butter melts, remove mixture from heat, then add warm water.

In a large bowl, combine 1 cup of the flour, plus yeast, salt, aniseed, and 1/4 cup of the sugar. Beat in the warm milk mixture, then add eggs and orange zest and beat until well combined. Stir in 1/2 cup of flour and continue adding more flour until the dough is soft.

Turn dough out onto a lightly floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic.

Place the dough into a lightly greased bowl, cover with plastic wrap, and let rise in a warm place until doubled in size (allow 1 to 2 hours). Next, punch the dough down and shape it into a large round loaf with a round knob on top. Place dough onto a baking sheet, loosely cover with plastic wrap, and let rise in a warm place for about 1 hour or until roughly doubled in size.

Bake in a preheated oven at 350 degrees for about 35 to 45 minutes. Remove from oven, let cool slightly, then brush with glaze.

To make glaze: In a small saucepan combine the 1/4 cup sugar, orange juice and orange zest. Bring to a boil over medium heat and boil for 2 minutes. Brush over top of bread while still warm. Sprinkle glazed bread with white sugar.

Arts Calendar

Southport Wooden Boat Show

11/3

Veterans Day Parade

11/10

Wrightsville Beach Turkey Trot

11/22

11/1 She ROCKS Fundraising Luncheon

11:30 a.m. - 1 p.m. She ROCKS, a nonprofit organization that funds research for ovarian cancer, hosts its fifth annual fundraising lunch. Wilmington Convention Center, 515 Nutt St., Wilmington. For more information and tickets: (910) 616-4286 or info@she-rocks.org.

11/1-4 Cape Fear Fair & Expo

Various hours. Opens 5:00 p.m. The 54th annual Cape Fear Fair & Expo continues this weekend with a variety of events for the whole family, including Hansen's Spectacular Family Acrobatic Show, Old McNally's Pig Derby, a magic show, Brad Matchett Comedy Hypnotist, and agricultural displays. Tickets: $22. 1739 Hewlett Drive, Wilmington. Info and hours: capefearfair.com.

11/2-4 Coastal Carolina Clay Guild Holiday

Show & Sale. Come join local clay artists for the guild's annual holiday show and sale. Admission: Free. Hannah Block Friday 5 p.m. - 8 p.m.; Saturday 10 a.m.- 4 p.m. Sunday 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Community Arts Center, 120 S. 2nd St., Wilmington. For info: coastalcarolinaclayguild.org.

11/2-4 Art in the Arboretum

The Friends of the New Hanover County Arboretum and the Wilmington Art Association present Art in the Arboretum, the largest coastal outdoor art show in North Carolina. Local artists will display paintings, pottery, prints and sculpture. Prizes will be awarded. Other highlights include a raffle, silent auction and performances by local musicians. Admission: $5. New Hanover County Arboretum, 6206 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. For info: (910) 798-7660 or nhcarboretum.org.

11/3 15th Annual Flat Bottom Girls Flounder Tournament

Daylight until 5 p.m. Come to this all-day event, featuring live-catch-only weigh-in flounder tournament. The large female flounder (flat bottom girls) will donate their eggs to populate local artificial reefs. Research associates from NCSU and UNCW will be present with information about aquaculture and reef management. Admission: Free for spectators. See website for registration. Dockside Marina, 1308 Airlie Road, Wrightsville Beach. For info: (910) 264-9118 or fishfortomorrow.org.

11/3 Southport Wooden Boat Show

10 a.m. - 4 p.m. Come spend the day at the Southport Wooden Boat Show, where you will find a variety of events for wooden boat enthusiasts, among them wooden vessels on exhibition, in-water boats, boat rides, model boat and photo exhibition, and a wooden-boat-building demonstration. Admission: Free. West Moore Street and South Caswell Avenue, Southport. For more information: (910) 477-2787 or southportwoodenboatshow.com.

11/3-4 Cape Fear Kite Festival

The Cape Fear Kite Festival is a "fun fly," meaning there are no competitions or rules. Hundreds of serious kite flyers as well as spectators of all ages will be on hand to celebrate the color and beauty of kite flying. Admission: Free for spectators. Fort Fisher State Recreation Area, 1000 Loggerhead Road, Kure Beach. For information: (910) 520-1818 or capefearkitefestival.org.

11/3 St. Stanislaus Polish Festival

11 a.m. - 5 p.m. Now in its 21st year, the St. Stanislaus Polish Festival attracts thousands of visitors who come for the authentic Polish food and desserts and dancing to the renowned Chardon Polka Band of Ohio. There is also a raffle, crafts for sale, and children's games. Admission: Free. 4849 Castle Hayne Road, Castle Hayne. For info: (910) 675-2336 or ststanspolishfestival.org.

11/4 Who Will Write Our History

7 p.m. The Wilmington Jewish Film Festival, in association with the United Jewish Appeal of Wilmington, presents the North Carolina premier of *Who Will Write Our History*, the untold story of the efforts by Polish Jews to document the events inside the Warsaw Ghetto and the lives of these courageous resistance fighters. Producer/director Roberta Grossman will introduce the film and host a Q & A after the presentation. Tickets: $10-$50. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. For info and tickets: wilmingtonjff.org.

11/4 Battleship Half Marathon

8 a.m. The 20th annual Battleship Half Marathon 10K & Outdoor Equipped 5K takes place today, with a course through downtown Wilmington and Greenfield Lake and over the Memorial Bridge, ending at Battleship North Carolina. Admission: Free for spectators. 1 Battleship Road Northeast, Wilmington. For more info: (910) 398-5539 or battleshipnchalfmarathon.itsyourrace. com.

11/4 Chamber Music Wilmington - Trio Karenine

7:30 p.m. Named after Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, the Parisian piano ensemble Trio Karenine will perform at Beckwith Recital Hall. The award-winning trio has appeared on world stages including Wigmore Hall, the Louvre, and Konzerthaus Berlin. Tickets: $30. Beckwith Recital Hall, 5270 Randall Drive, Wilmington. For info: (910) 343-1079 or chambermusicwilmington@gmail.com.

11/7 Superchunk

The godfathers of the '90s indie punk rock scene in North Carolina will perform in concert tonight, marking the official opening of the 24th annual Cucalorus Film Festival. Tickets: $25-$50. Brooklyn Arts Center, 516 N. 4th St., Wilmington. For tickets: goelevent.com/cucalorus/superchunk.

11/7 Dance-a-lorus

7 p.m. A Cucalorus tradition, Dance-a-lorus pairs filmmakers and choreographers for often surprising and inventive collaborative works. Tickets: $20. Thalian Hall Main Stage, 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. For more information: cucalorus.org.

11/7-14 Cucalorus Film Festival

The 24th annual Cucalorus Film Festival comes to downtown Wilmington with more than 300 films from all over the the world as well as dance performances, musical groups, and many fabulous parties. Various locations in downtown Wilmington. For tickets and info: cucalorus.org.

11/9-10 The King and I

7:30 p.m. One of Rogers & Hammerstein's classic works, *The King and I* tells the story of the relationship between the King of Siam and the British schoolteacher hired to tutor his wives and children in 1860s Bangkok. Based on the 2015 Tony Award-winning Lincoln Center Theater production. Tickets: $37-$95. Wilson Center, 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. For info: (910) 362-7999 or cfcc.edu/capefearstage.

11/10 Veterans Day Parade

11:00 a.m. Bring the whole family to downtown Wilmington for the second annual Veterans Day Parade. The parade begins on Red Cross and Front Street and proceeds down Front to Orange Street. Admission: Free. For more info: sencveteransparade.com.

11/9-16 Wilmington Music Festival

The Wilmington Music Festival celebrates its second season with a trio of concerts and school outreach programs with classical and jazz artists. Among the performers: Russian violin virtuoso Igor Pikayzen, Wilmington soprano Nikoleta Rallis and her husband, concert pianist Aza Sydykov, and Michael Rallis, the "Carolina Caruso." Various venues around Wilmington. Tickets: $10-$45. For more info and to purchase tickets: wilmingtonmusicfestival.org.

11/10 Owl Howl

10 a.m. - 4 p.m. The Cape Fear Raptor Center's fourth annual Owl Howl will feature raptors, raffles, food and entertainment. Admission: Free. Brunswick Riverwalk, 580 River Road, Belville. For info: (910) 371-2456 or capefearraptorcenter.org.

11/13 Music From the Silver Screen

7:30 p.m. Wilmington Symphony Orchestra presents "Symphony Pops — Music From the Silver Screen," an evening of music from favorite films, including *Gone With the Wind, Ben Hur, Dr. Zhivago*, and *The Pink Panther,* among others. Buster Keaton's *One Week*, with an original orchestral score by composer Andrew E. Simpson, will be shown. There will also be a special appearance by actor David Hyde Pierce. Tickets: $40-$85. 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. For info and tickets: (910)-362-7999 or wilmingtonsymphony.org.

11/14 Lecture: "The Spirituality of Dementia"

7 p.m. The Very Rev. Tracey Lind was diagnosed with dementia in 2016, and tonight she will give a lecture on the spiritual insights and lessons she has gained. A newly retired Episcopal priest and city planner, Lind served for 17 years as the dean of Trinity Episcopal Cathedral in Cleveland. Admission: Free. St. James Parish, Great Hall, 25 S. Third St., Wilmington. For information: (910) 763-1628.

11/15 Velvet Caravan

7:30 Velvet Caravan is a swinging quintet from Savannah known for its gypsy jazz/swing and Latin swing styles, and what the Austin Chronicle calls its "compositional whimsy and ferocious technique." Tickets: $15-$32. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. For info and tickets: thalianhall.org.

11/17 Ability Garden Plant Sale

9 a.m.-12 p.m. The New Hanover County Arboretum holds its Ability Garden Plant Sale, featuring house plants, succulents, herbs and native plants. All proceeds benefit the Arboretum's Ability Garden. Admission: Free. 6206 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. For more info: (773) 895-1504 or arboretum.nhcgov.com.

11/17 Flavor of North Carolina

5 p.m. The Carolina Yacht Club is the setting for the fifth annual Flavor of North Carolina, an evening to benefit the Good Shepherd Center, which provides assistance to the hungry and homeless in Wilmington. There will be plenty of food, drinks and dancing as well as an auction. Tickets: $75. 401 S. Lumina Ave., Wrightsville Beach. For info: (910) 763-4424 or goodshepherdwilmington.org.

11/17 Tidewater Camellia Club Fall Show and Sale

The Tidewater Camellia Club hosts its Fall Show and Sale at the New Hanover County Arboretum. Admission: Free. 6206 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. For info: tidewatercamelliaclub.org.

11/17 Monty Python's Spamalot

2 p.m and 7 p.m. Cape Fear Stage presents *Monty Python's Spamalot*, inspired by the classic comedy film, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. This musical version of King Arthur's quest to find the Holy Grail features dancing girls, flatulent Frenchmen, and killer rabbits. And, of course, the Knights who say Ni. Tickets: $37-$90. 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. For tickets and info: cfcc.edu/capefearstage/monty-pythons-spamalot.

11/17 1776 Candlelight Tour

5:30 p.m. - 9:15 p.m. Moores Creek National Battlefield is the site of a candlelight tour led by costumed guides. Re-enactors will imagine the Battle of Moores Creek Bridge, the first patriot victory. Also featuring Scottish Highlanders wielding broadswords. Tickets: $3. 40 Patriots Hall Drive, Currie. For information: (910) 283-5591, ext. 2222 or nps.gov/mocr.

11/18 Riverfest

Wilmington's annual street fair takes place downtown with special exhibits, vendors selling homemade crafts, food vendors and trucks, and a classic car show. Saturday night fireworks display. Admission: Free. Market and Water Streets, Wilmington. For info: wilmingtonriverfest.com.

11/19 - 1/3/19 Cape Fear Festival of Trees

9 a.m. - 5 p.m. The Lower Cape Fear Hospice presents the 32nd Cape Fear Festival of Trees. Come celebrate the season and view an enchanted forest of 50 holiday trees decorated by local artists, busi-

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nesses and organizations. All visitors to the NC Aquarium receive free admission to the Cape Fear Festival of Trees. Admission: $13. 900 Loggerhead Road, Kure Beach. For info: (910) 796-8099 or ncaquarium.com.

11/21 The Great Russian Nutcracker

7 p.m. The Moscow Ballet's lavish production, "The Great Russian Nutcracker," comes to UNCW's Sarah Kenan Auditorium, the largest performance space in Wilmington. Tickets: $28-$175. 515 Wagoner Drive, Wilmington. For info: (910) 962-3500 or nutcracker.com.

11/22 Wrightsville Beach Turkey Trot

8:30 a.m. Why not come and burn some calories in anticipation of that turkey dinner? The Wrightsville Beach Turkey Trot is a 5K timed run/walk that raises money for Cape Fear Habitat for Humanity, which assists families in the Cape Fear region toward the purchase of a Habitat home. There will also be a 1-mile Fun Run. Tickets: $25-$210. The Loop, 321 Causeway Drive, Wrightsville Beach. For info: (910) 762-4744 ext. 102 or capefearhabitat.org.

11/24 North Carolina Holiday Flotilla

Wrightsville Beach hosts the 35th annual North Carolina Holiday Flotilla, a coastal version of a holiday parade, but on the water and at night. In addition to the parade of boats there will be an annual tree-lighting ceremony with a visit from Santa, as well as the Festival in the Park for families and children on Saturday afternoon before the flotilla. Prizes awarded to the best boats. Admission: Free. For more info: (910) 256-2120 or ncholidayflotilla.org.

11/29 - 12-1 Pirates and Nutcracker

The New York Ballet for Young Audiences presents two ballet performances at Thalian Hall. "Pirates" features a pirate captain, a treasure map, and a heroic young woman trying to rescue her family. "Nutcracker" is a holiday classic, a Tchaikovsky ballet about Clara, a young girl who travels to a magical land of giant mice, a Sugar Plum Fairy, and a Nutcracker Prince. Various show times. Check theater for performance schedule. Tickets: $20. 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. For info: thalianhall.org.

WEEKLY HAPPENINGS

Monday

Wrightsville Farmers Market

8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Curbside beach market offering a variety of fresh, locally grown produce, baked goods, plants and unique arts and crafts. Seawater Lane, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-7925 or www.townofwrightsvillebeach.com.

Tuesday

Wine Tasting

6 p.m. – 8 p.m. Free wine tasting hosted by a wine professional plus small plate specials all night. Admission: Free. The Fortunate Glass, 29 S. Front St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-4292 or www.fortunateglass.com.

Cape Fear Blues Jam

8 p.m. A night of live music performed by the area's best Blues musicians. Bring your instrument and join in the fun. Admission: Free. The Rusty Nail, 1310 S. Fifth Ave., Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-1888 or www.capefearblues.org.

Wednesday

Free Wine Tasting at Sweet n Savory Cafe

5 p.m. – 8 p.m. Sample delicious wines for free. Pair them with a meal, dessert, or appetizer and learn more about the wines of the world. Live music starts at 7. Admission: Free. Sweet n Savory Cafe, 1611 Pavilion Place, Wilmington. Info: (910) 256-0115 or www.swetnsavorycafe.com.

Weekly Exhibition Tours

1:30 p.m. – 2:00 p.m. A weekly tour of the iconic Cameron Arts Museum, featuring presentations about the various exhibits and the selection and installation process. Cameron Arts Museum, 3201 S. 17th St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartsmuseum.org.

Ogden Farmers Market

8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Local farmers, producers and artisans sell fresh fruits, veggies, plants, eggs, cheese, meat, honey, baked goods, wine, bath products and more. Ogden Park, 615 Ogden Park Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 538-6223 or www.wilmingtonandbeaches.com/events-calendar/ogden-farmers-market.

Poplar Grove Farmers Market

8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Open-air market held on the front lawn of historic Poplar Grove Plantation offering fresh produce, plants, herbs, baked goods and handmade artisan crafts. Poplar Grove Plantation, 10200 US Highway 17 North, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.poplargrove.org/farmers-market.

Thursday

Wrightsville Beach Brewery Farmers Market

2 p.m. – 6 p.m. Come support local farmers and artisans every Thursday afternoon in the beer garden at the Wrightsville Beach Brewery. Shop for eggs, veggies, meat, honey, and handmade crafts while enjoying one of the Brewery's tasty beers. Stay for live music afterwards. Admission: Free. Wrightsville Beach Brewery, 6201 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 256-4938 or www.wbbeer.com.

Yoga at the CAM

12–1 p.m. Join in a soothing retreat sure to charge you up while you relax in a beautiful, comfortable setting. Sessions are ongoing and are open to both beginners and experienced participants. Admission: $5–8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 S. 17th St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

Friday & Saturday

Cape Fear Museum Little Explorers

10 a.m. Meet your friends in Museum Park for fun, hands-on activities! Enjoy interactive circle time, conduct exciting experiments, and play games related to a weekly theme. Perfect for children ages 3 to 6 and their adult helpers. Admission: Free. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4370 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

Blackwater Adventure Tours

Join in an educational guided boat tour from downtown Wilmington to River Bluffs, exploring the mysterious beauty of the Northeast Cape Fear River. See website for schedule. River Bluffs, 1100 Chair Road, Castle Hayne. Info: (910) 623-5015 or www.riverbluffsliving.com.

Saturday

Carolina Beach Farmers Market

8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Outdoor "island-style" market featuring live music and local growers, producers and artisans selling fresh local produce, wines meats, baked goods, herbal products and handmade crafts. Carolina Beach Lake Park, Highway 421 & Atlanta Avenue, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-2977 or www.carolinabeachfarmersmarket.com.

Wilmington Farmers Market at Tidal Creek

8 a.m. to 1 p.m. Weekly gathering of vetted vendors with fresh produce straight from the farm. Sign up for the weekly newsletter for advanced news of the coming weekend's harvest. 5329 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. For info: thewilmingtonfarmersmarket.com.

Riverfront Farmers Market

8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Curbside market featuring local farmers, producers, artisans, crafters and live music along the banks of the Cape Fear River. Riverfront Park, North Water Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 538-6223 or www.wilmingtondowntown.com/events/farmers-market.

Taste of Downtown Wilmington

2:15 p.m., 2:45 p.m., & 3:15 p.m. A weekly gourmet food tour by Taste Carolina, featuring some of downtown Wilmington's best restaurants. Each time slot showcases different food. See website for details. Admission: $55–75. Riverwalk at Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (919) 237-2254 or www.tastecarolina.net/wilmington/

To add a calendar event, please contact calendar@saltmagazinenc.com. Events must be submitted by the first of the month, one month prior to the event.

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Port City People

Wilmington Strong Hurricane Florence Relief Benefit

Benefiting charities centered on Hurricane Florence efforts

Saturday, September 29, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Megan Smith, Colby Byrd, Ellen & Banks Salley

Katie Garner, Emily Moss, Cole & Tim Moss

Katherine Filler, Sydney Thomas

Mike & Jane Cox, Dan Dantzler

Susan Turner, Jay Hamilton

Melissa Rice, Lindsay Crecelius, Ryan Birtles, Justin Suarez

Donna Bahm, Dwayne Tyndall

Maggie Rollison, Chris & Jean Hall

Kendall Kirsteier, Jenny Smith, Sarah Hamilton

Katie Petrie, Adam Poore

Emily & Richard Hoppe, Nick Chase, Kristen Young

Paige Snow, Bernadette Dickson

Brandon & Stacy Geist

Port City People

Hanover Kennel Club All-Breed Dog Show

Legion Stadium

Saturday, October 13, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Pam Campbell, Hartford (Pomeranian)

Mark Lucas, Mikki Mota (Italian Greyhound)

Michelle Paris, Paris (Italian Greyhound)

Bill Heller, Henry (Wirehaired Pointing Griffon)

Erica Walker, Samson (German Shorthaired Pointer)

Tommy Holevas, Seal (Hairless Chinese Crested)

Amanda Matthis, Whisper (Vizsla)

Cheryl Collands, Hanna (Golden Retriever)

William Fowler, Brina (Cane Corso)

Judy Biasella, Henry (Clumber Spaniel)

Steve Levan, Lovey
Karen Levan, Dulcinea (Irish Wolfhounds)

Terri Murtagh, Blake (English Setter)

Teresa Garrod, Denzel (Xolo)

Anne Noted, Flash (Newfoundlander)

June Beckwith, Raven (Collie)

Tereva Roberts, Siggy Never Ending Story (Briard)

Michelle Warlock, Crosby (Great Pyranees)

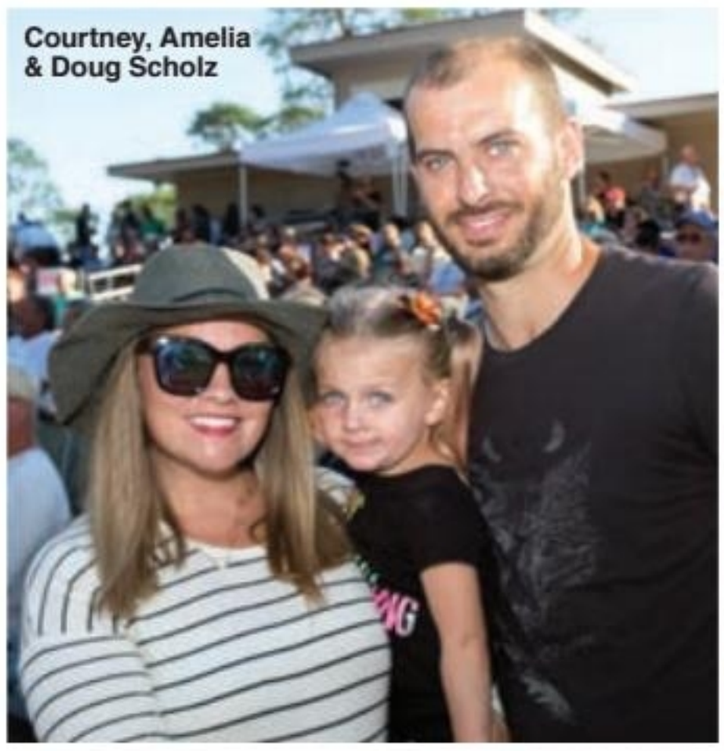
Port City People

Wilmington Strong Hurricane Relief Concert

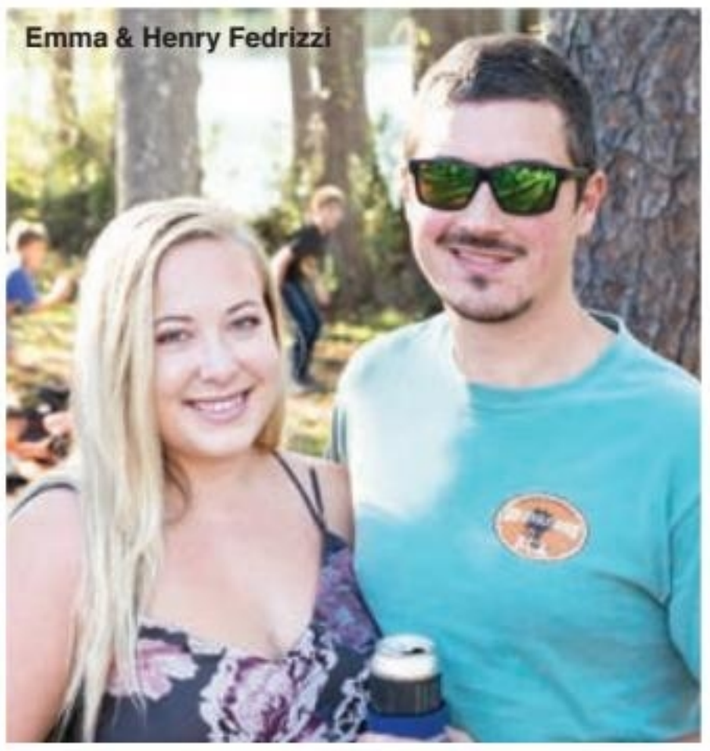
Greenfield Lake Amphitheater

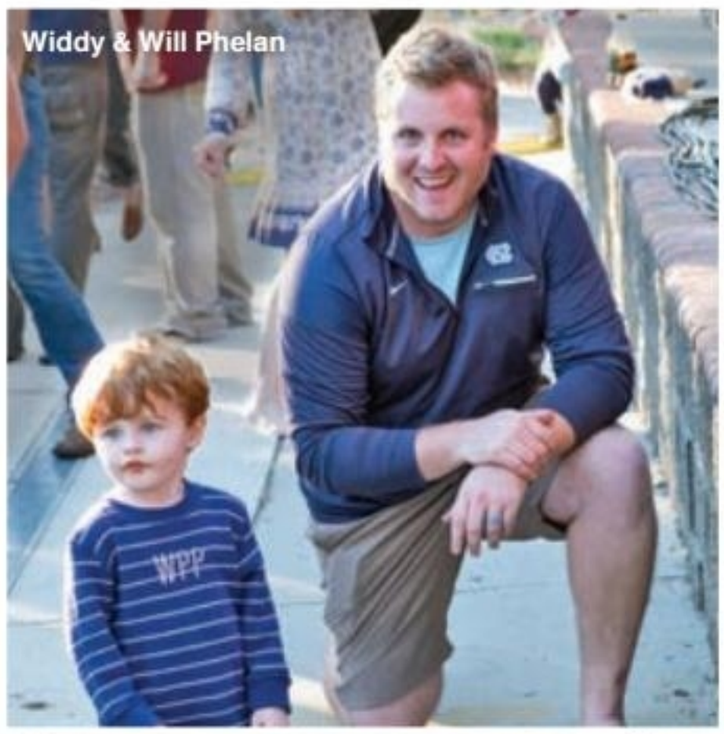
Saturday, October 13, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour


Courtney, Amelia & Doug Scholz

Melissa Blair, Sarah Dobens, Alison Lacy


Emma & Henry Fedrizzi


Widdy & Will Phelan

Sandy Speirs, Laurel Womersley, Amy Howard, Angie Simon, Connie Ronner, Sandra Miller

Mayor Bill Saffo, JC Lyle

Natalie Capone

Katrina Knight, Stacy Geist

Alaina, Angela, Natalia & Jason Pisani

Tony McEwen, Natalie English, Michelle Sublett, Bill Saffo, Robin Wiggins, Nicole Cook, Craig Heim, Mark Craddock

Lisa Weeks, Myra Webb, Sandy & Don Speirs

Romance, Recklessness and Destiny

For the November-born, excitement is written in the stars

By Astrid Stellanova

Creative Ole Abe was an Aquarian, like four other notable U.S. Presidents. But then, you knew that, right Star Children? So when Abe Lincoln proclaimed a national Thanksgiving holiday in 1863, it was a good idea that nobody could resist, no matter which side of the Mason Dixon line they lived on. But did you realize another holiday figures into the stars this month? Do the math — November-born are conceived around Valentine's Day, which means they are the stuff of romance, recklessness, destiny, or a maybe a little bit of all. — Ad Astra, Astrid

Scorpio (October 23–November 21)
Star Child Scorpio, you see someone through a forgiving lens, who by even the most generous descriptions would be called weird. As weird as a mating fruit bat. You are virtuous and hold on tight when another might cut bait and leave that bat behind. Return the favor to yourself and forgive the things you are privately self-critical about. It's a necessary liberation and will set you on your highest course.

Sagittarius (November 22–December 21)
Darlin', let ole Astrid lay it on you straight: Don't hang with the night crawlers. As tempted as you are to enjoy newfound popularity, a few of your new hangers-on are not exactly top-shelf stuff. And maybe be a little less generous about picking up the bar tab.

Capricorn (December. 22–January 19)
Shew, Sugar, you were right all along. And as much as that is true, revenge ain't as sweet as you think. Don't shove your Mama overboard. By the time you read this, I hope you will find it in your heart to let it go so you can face everybody over the turkey table and smile.

Aquarius (January. 20–February. 18)
Time's a-wastin'. Get your house in order before the holidays so you won't be high, dry, and too lonely in the run-up to Fa-La-La Season. The only relationship you haven't lost lately is with your Chia Pet, Sugar. Setting things straight with You-Know-Who will require an apology and some soul-searching. All worth it.

Pisces (February 19–March 20)
In a parallel universe, you got your due credit. But in this one, you did not. You must chase the thing you deserve credit for, and be sure you get top billing the next time you invent a self-wringing mop electric toilet brush. Cause, really, Honey Bunny, most are not that creative.

Aries (March 21–April 19)
Stuff went down and nobody was happy. Like a honey badger, you just don't care much either. Good thing, because you are already on to the next thing and you are leaving the drama behind. If anybody's nose is still out of joint, hand 'em a splint and a smile.

Taurus (April 20–May 20)
You haven't moped this much since Burt Reynolds died. Honey, it may not be about Burt, but it might be about your recent inclination to go all nostalgic. The next time *Smokey and the Bandit* is on TV, just change the channel for gawdssake.

Gemini (May 21–June 20)
You may think the party can't start without you, but Sugar, get a grip. Are you a self-declared disaster area? Or are you just ticked off because a genuine chance to make a big entrance didn't happen? Think about it: If you throw the party, you get to control the spotlight, too.

Cancer (June 21–July 22)
This isn't the time to take a stand about small and petty. In the name of world peace, let the jerk who rains on your party slink off into the night. You are about to have a wonderful holiday and nobody can change that. Get ready to make merry, Darlin'.

Leo (July 23–August 22)
It hasn't gone unnoticed that you have launched a self-improvement program. Points for that, Honey. If you keep this up, somebody is going to surprise you with a declaration of love that might take your breath away, but do keep your hand on your wallet, as they might take that too.

Virgo (August 23–September 22)
Someone near and not so dear makes you grit your teeth and suck in your temper. You try to set a good example before this feckless fool. While you're at it, try dividing by zero. Same outcome. Give them an air kiss and lickety-split, moving on fast.

Libra (September 23–October 22)
Your best work happens when you let go and let loose your natural charms. You don't have to be Jim Carrey funny, Honey, just rely upon your dry wit, and good times and best outcomes find you. By next month, you won't be able to keep up with all the invites.

For years, Astrid Stellanova owned and operated Curl Up and Dye Beauty Salon in the boondocks of North Carolina until arthritic fingers and her popular astrological readings provoked a new career path.

It's a Sign

A conversation with two small friends

By Clyde Edgerton

In a recent *Star News* letter to the editor, the writer suggested that the presence of a "Thank You, Jesus!" sign in a certain front yard was the reason that every tree in that yard stood tall after Hurricane Florence passed through — while many trees elsewhere had been blown down.

I was walking through my neighborhood with a couple of moles. They are blind of course, but they have smart phones that warn them if they are about to walk into something. Their names are Willy and Scottie. Smart moles — schooled in religion. They live under different yards in my neighborhood. They were talking about the issue.

Willy: What about somebody who wanted to buy a "Thank You, Jesus!" sign, but couldn't find one because they were all sold out?

Scottie: Their trees would be saved because they thought about it in their mind.

Willy: Are you sure?

Scottie: Well . . . I don't know for sure. Maybe the leaves would have just got blown off, but the trees would have stayed stood up, I'll betcha. Or something like that.

Willy: Do you think the people over at your yard will get a "Thank you, Jesus!" sign?

Scottie: Oh, they already did — because they lost some trees, then read that letter to the editor. They got six signs. They put one in the trunk of their car, and one in their truck, one on their boat, and one in front of the dog house.

Willy: That's just four.

Scottie: Oh, and one in the backyard. And one on top of the house.

Willy: On top of the house?

Scottie: Lightning.

Willy: And I'll bet you if you take care of poor people and do unto others as you would have them do unto you, like Jesus said, then that means your trees won't get blowed down, too.

Scottie: No. No. No. It just matters that they got that sign in your yard . . . or in their car or back pocket. It don't matter what you do. It's like churches. No church trees got blowed down during the hurricane because of all those signs that churches put in their front yards.

Willy: Oh . . . you sure?

Scottie: Yep. God didn't let any trees get blowed down in any church yards.

Willy: What if they *did* get blowed down?

Scottie: It'd be because they didn't have the right sign up. The only thing that matters is if you got the right sign up. It's all about signs. It's like that in everything in the world. If you got the right sign and a fence around you, everything is okay. I even heard about a family who had a "Thank You, Jesus!" sign, and half of it was in their yard, and half was in their neighbor's yard. One little prong thing was in one yard, and one little prong thing was in the yard next door. And the family next door had every one of their trees left standing after the storm — just like the family that owned the sign, and nobody could understand. You know why nobody could understand?

Willy: Why?

Scottie: Because that family next door drank wine and beer and were Democrats.

Willy: Whoa. But didn't Jesus drink wine?

Scottie: No, no. He drank grape juice.

Willy: How do you know?

Scottie: It's simple. He turned the water into wine but when him and all the others at that wedding started drinking it, it hadn't had time to ferment.

Willy: Oh. That makes sense.

Scottie: It all make sense . . . if you know enough about religion.

Clyde Edgerton is the author of 10 novels, a memoir and most recently, Papadaddy's Book for New Fathers. *He is the Thomas S. Kenan III Distinguished Professor of Creative Writing at UNCW.*

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY BLAIR

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